THE JOCKEY CLUB

JUNE
1986

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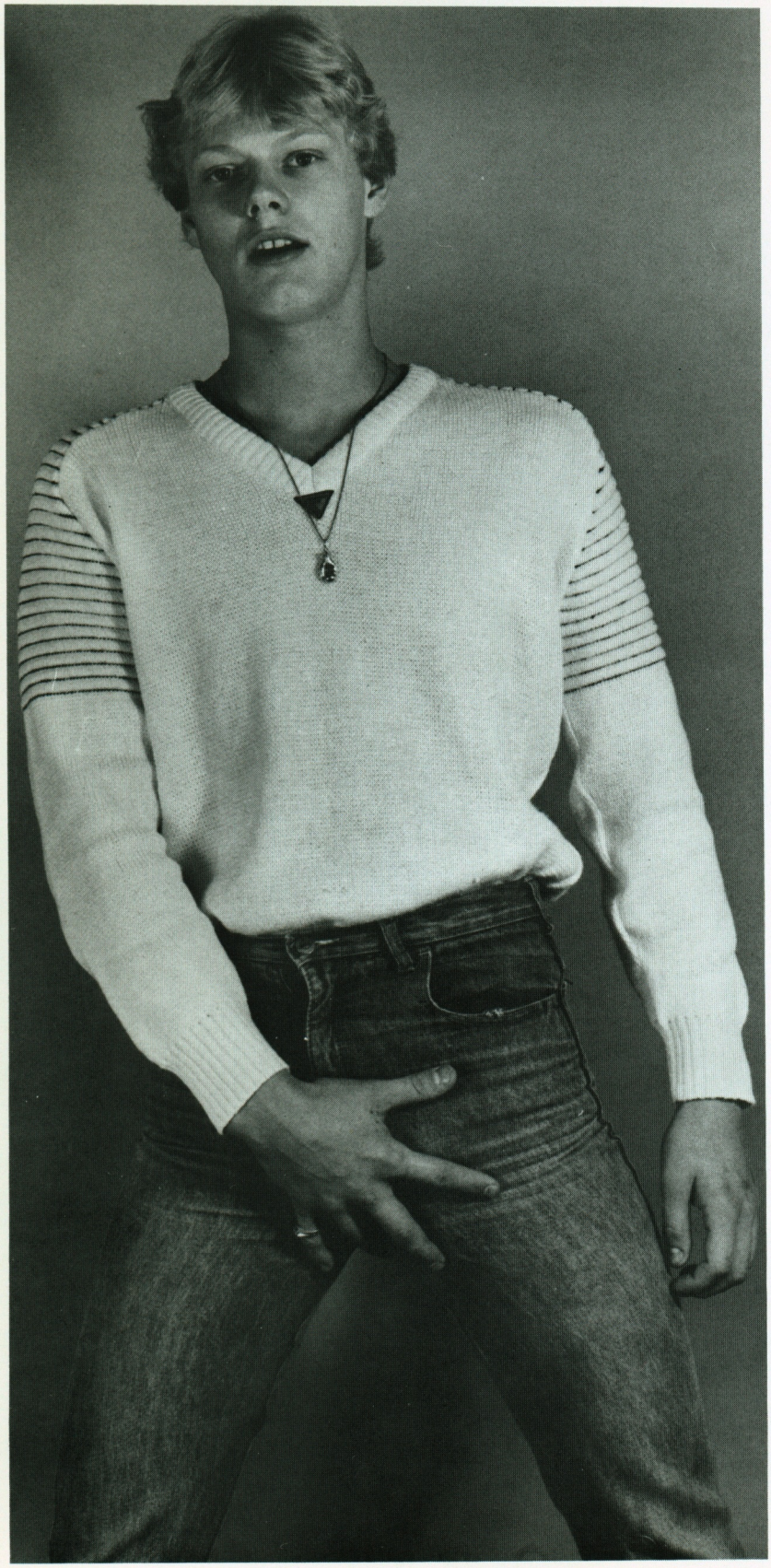

THE JOCKEY CLUB

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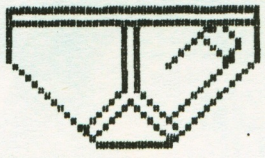
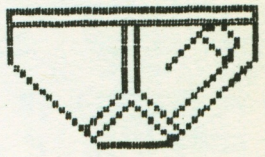
PUBLISHER'S CORNER

THE CENSORS ARE COMING! THE CENSORS ARE COMING!
That is the battle cry of the David Hamlin, Director of Public Affairs for the American Civil Libertites Union in Southern California. Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography is releasing its report which is calling for sweeping reforms to restrict what publishers may publish, book and video stores may sell, and adults may read or watch in the privacy of their own homes.
Meese appointed his commission on Pornography last year on a request from President Reagan. Meese stacked the 11 member commission with the likes of Henry Hudson, a prosecutor in Virginia who has closed down every adult book store and movie theatre in his county and who has made it impossible for adults to rent movies for home viewing. Eight of the members have expressed their desire to have heavy censorship and restrictions on adult material. Rejecting both current legal and social standards, the commission adopted a working definition of pornography which is so broad that it includes most "R" rated movies and the tamest of over-the-counter magazines. The commission has already given approval to a proposal which would make any second conviction in the pornography arena an automatic felony. That could lead to prison terms for local book store owners. They have also concluded that all of the assets of a store which sells obscene material can be seized, so law enforcement officials could seize an entire chain of drug stores because some stores in the chain carry COSMOPOLITAN.
The complete report will be published this month. Every reader should get a copy of the report by requesting it from the Attorney General's office. Read it. Make your own decision and then write to your congressman expressing your views. If the conclusions of the commission become law it will have a resounding effect upon our personal freedom. The questions of constitutionality may be hung-up in the courts for years but during those years you won't find publications or videos of a gay nature and you'll have to find new fetish interest. I wonder what's on the Disney Channel tonight.

David White





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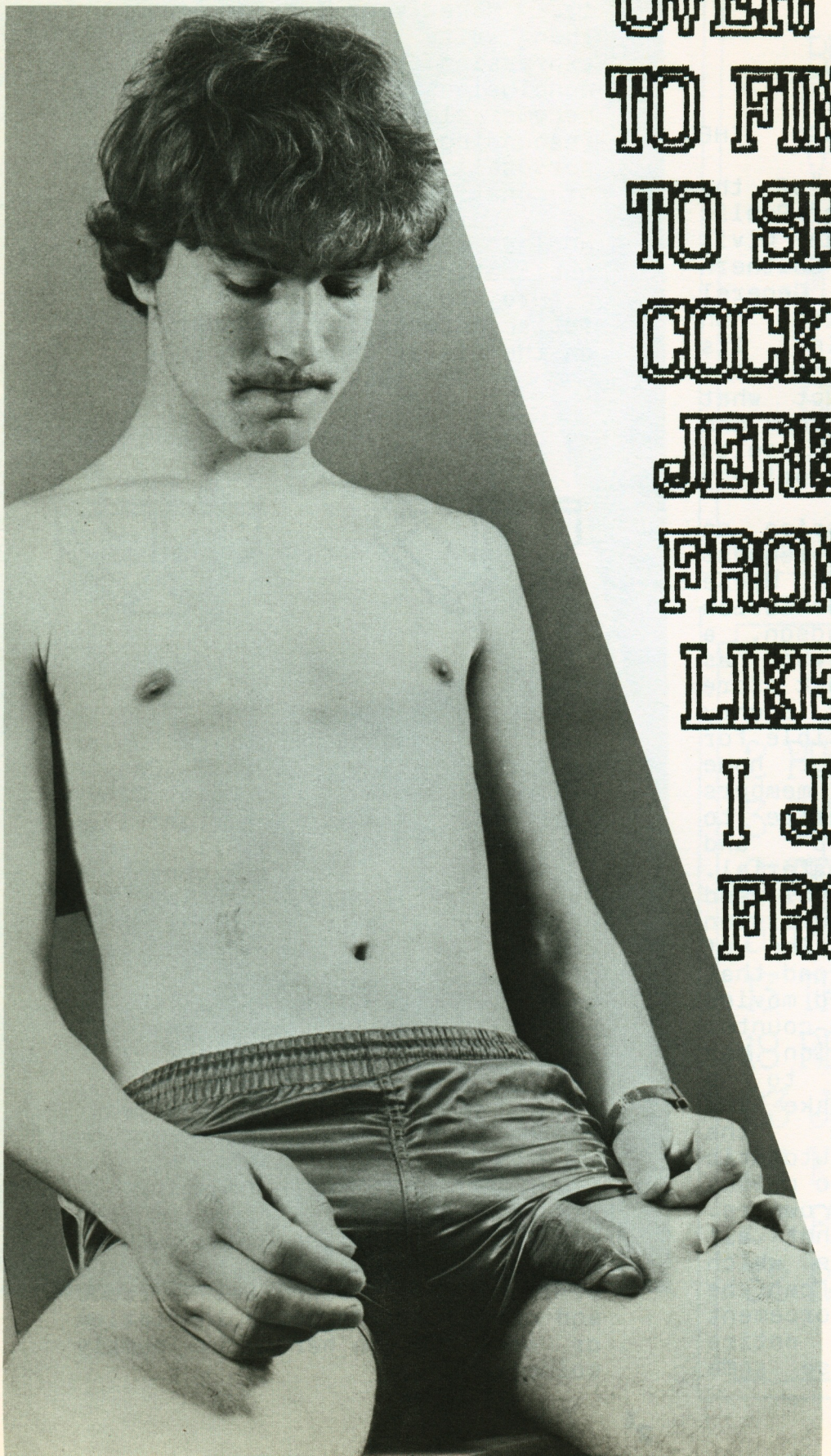
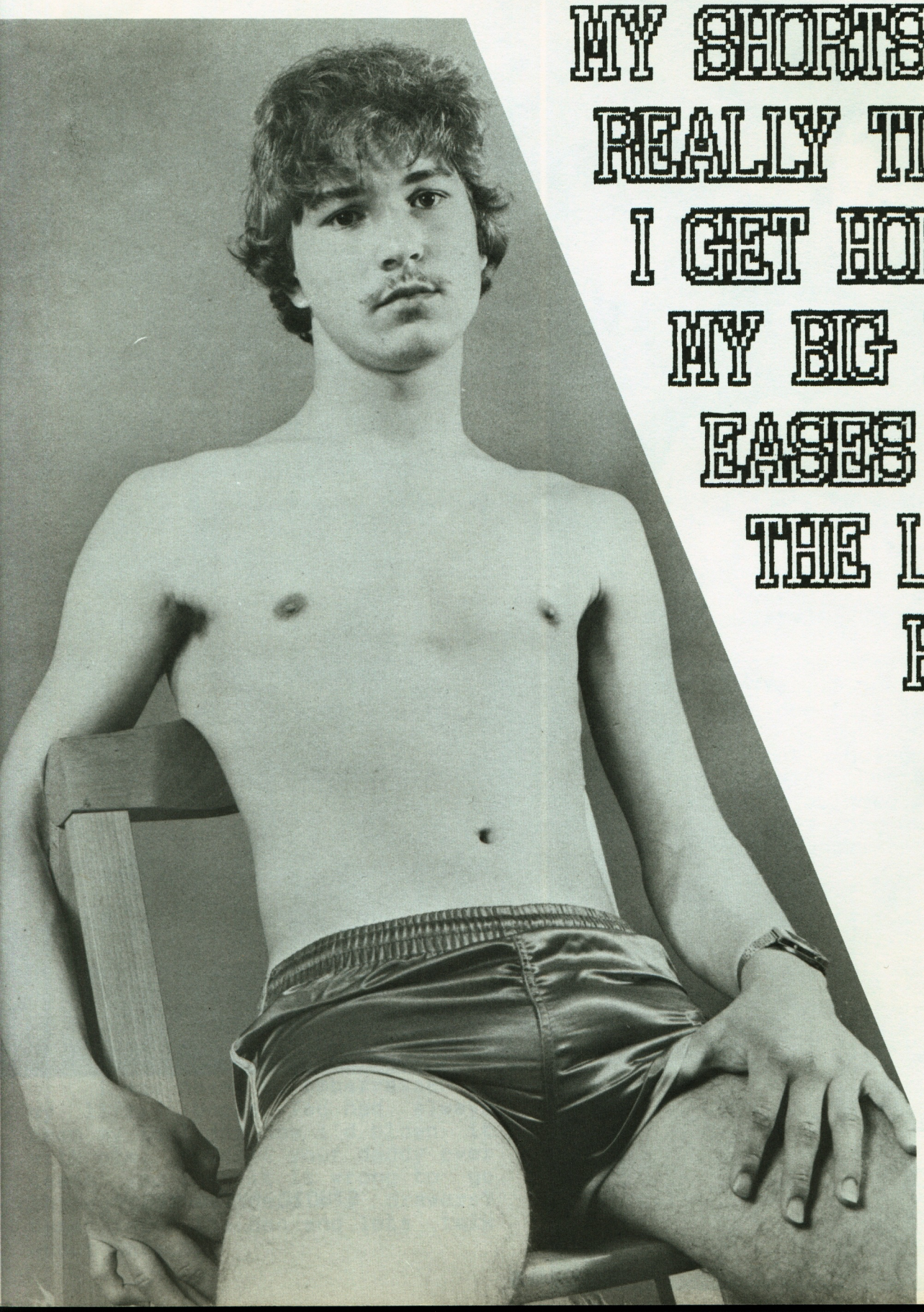
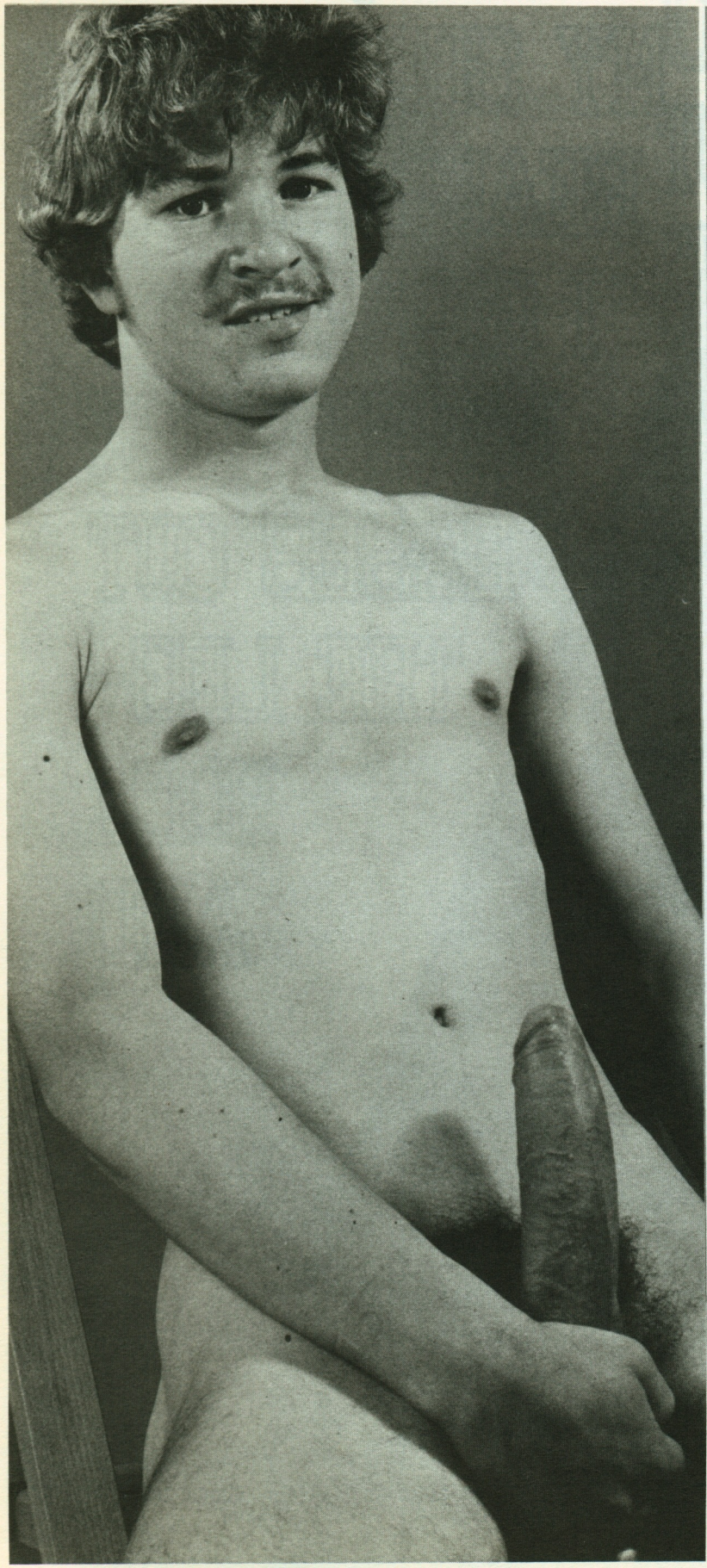


A FEELING COMES OVER ME. I NEED TO FIND A BUDDY TO SHOW MY BIG COCK TO. I LOVE JERKING OFF IN FRONT OF GUYS LIKE YOU. CAN I JERK OFF IN FRONT OF YOU MISTER?



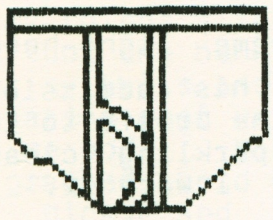
SOMETIMES, WHEN MY SHORTS FIT REALLY TIGHT, I GET HORNY. MY BIG DICK EASES OUT THE LEG-HOLE AND

GEE, THANKS A LOT MISTER



STUDIO "VISA 2000"

UNCLE TED'S UNDERWEAR DRAWER



BY VINCENT CARR

I was fucked! Uncle Ted was staring at me from his bedroom door. I didn't even hear him come home from work. And here I was standing in front of his chest of drawers taking each pair of briefs out, one at a time, and rubbing them over my face. Sniffing them. Feeling them.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, boy?" Ted shouted. "Are you some kind of wierdo? Get out of my drawers, Right Now!"

I closed his drawer and turned to walk out of his room. He grabbed me by my shoulders and shook me, screaming "What were you doing with my underwear? do you go through all your relatives drawers when you visit them?"

I was never as embarrassed in my life. Uncle Ted had always been my idol and now I'd blown it with him. "Didn't your daddy ever teach you that it is wrong to go through other people's drawers? Come into the den and lets talk about this."

He led me into his walnut paneled den. Uncle Ted was thirty-six years old and I was eighteen. I had just graduated from high school and was spending two weeks with him at his house at the lake. Ted had a gym in his basement so he was in great shape. I was pretty skinny and he told me that he'd teach me to eat right and to work-out with his equipment.

He sat in a chair beside of me in front of his desk. "Now, tell me why you were in my room and in my drawers."

"I was gonna work-out and I was looking for something to wear," I lied.

"When you need something to wear do you always sniff at the crotch of the shorts or is this some kind of fetish you have?"

I looked at him. "What's a fetish? I don't know the word."

"A fetish is when you crave or love something like leather or nylon or underwear. Is that what you have, Jerry?"

Tears of embarrassment filled my eyes. "Yes, I guess so, Uncle Ted. Please don't tell my folks."

"I'm not going to tell anybody anything that you and I talk about. You need somebody to talk with. How long have you had this thing for underwear?"

"Ever since I can remember. I just like underpants...and I... eh.. aaa.."

"Go ahead, Jerry. You can tell me anything. I may be your uncle but I also want to be your friend and buddy," Uncle Ted said. He had calmed down a lot.

"Ehhh, well, I really like seeing guys in briefs. Especially grown men. I don't know why..."

"Are you gay, Jerry?"

"Gee, Uncle Ted, I don't know. Can we talk about it?"

"Sure, kid. I told you we can talk about anything you want to talk about. And it stays between you and me."

"Yes, I think I am gay. I get-off thinking about guys. Especially guys wearing tight white cotton briefs," I admitted.

"That's why you were in my underwear drawer, isn't it. What were you going to do with my briefs, Jerry?"

"Well, ehhh, I was going to put a pair on."

"...And jack-off in them, Jerry?"

"Yes, I'm sorry, Uncle Ted. Real sorry."

"Jerry, I was pissed that you got into my drawers without my persmission. If you want to jack-off in my shorts I'll give you all you want. Just ask me next time. Don't get in my drawers without permission. Okay, stud?"

It made me feel a lot better hearing him call me stud. "Thanks, Uncle Ted."

"Now, let's go into my room and find some briefs you'd like to wear and play in."

"Are you serious? Can I really? It's Okay?"

"Sure, Jerry. We'll find something to turn you on," Ted said to me.

We walked into his bedroom and I sat on his bed opposit his bureau. He opened the drawer and took out a stack of briefs and sat down beside of me. I could feel my cock getting hard. I was only wearing Levis cut-offs with a pair of Jockey brand briefs underneath.

Ted picked up a pair of Fruit of the Loom briefs from the bottom of the stack. "This is my favorite pair. They fit tighter than most of my others. I like to sleep in them. I put them on fresh before I go to bed and when I wake up with a hard-on, they feel so good I jack-off a couple of times in them before going to work."

I became light-headed and dazed from his admission. He handed me the briefs to look at. They were sparkling clean. The size was 30. I wore 32.

"Can I put these on?" I asked.

"Sure. I'll slip into a fresh pair and we can go into the gym and workout in them if you'd like."

I had died and gone to heaven. I took the briefs and went into my room to change. My cock was rock hard when I skinned down my cut-offs. The pouch of my Jockey's were packed. I had to pull the waistband far out from my stomach to get them down. I stepped into the Fruit of the Loom briefs and pulled them into place. I looked in the mirror at my reflection. They were so tight I could easily make out my cock and balls. The head of my hard cock was right at the bottom of the waistband; making a hell of a huge tent.

I walked into the gym room and saw ted doing bench presses. He was wearing a pair of super-tight Hanes briefs. He packed the pouch with his cock and balls. I wanted a closer view.

He put the weights on the rack and sat up looking at me.

"Yeah, those briefs fit you even better than they fit me. Looks like you got yourself a hell of a big hard-on in 'em, too," He said.

"I can't help it, Uncle Ted."

"Come over here and let me have a good look at that poker in those briefs."

I couldn't believe my ears. He actually wanted to look at me the way I wanted to look at him. I took a few steps and stood right in front of him. My briefs were on eye level with his face. He reached up with both hands and pulled my thighs slightly apart. Then he took one hand and placed it under my balls and tickle me. The sensation sent waves of fire through me body. With his other hand he grabbed ahold of my cotton covered dick and jacked me lightly. A huge gob of pre-cum juice wetted the briefs.

"Boy! You're hotter than a fire cracker. I think you and me are going to have a hell of a good time together. Here, why don't you do this to me. We can lay down on the work-out mat on the floor."

Ted led me to the mat and pushed me into a 69 position. He sucked at my cock through the briefs and then pulled the waistband down to take my cock into his mouth while I licked and sucked at his skin-tight briefs.

The smell and feel of his briefs and the rock hard cock sticking-up through them threw me into ecstasy. I went wild over the feeling of my Uncle Ted working on my cock. It was my first blow job...both giving and receiving. I couldn't hold my jizz any longer. "I'm gonna cum, Ted. You better pull off of it."

He kept sucking and I lost all control. I scalded his mouth with my steamy hot cum. He made little animal sounds as he drank each squirt of white hot fuck gism down his throat.

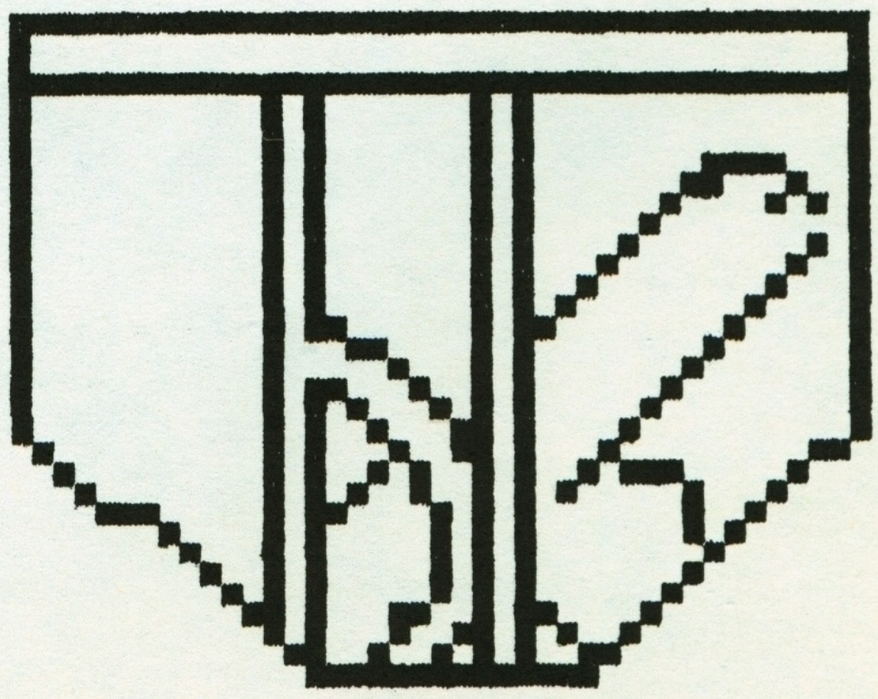
"My turn, now," he said after I stopped cuming in his warm mouth. He pushed me down flat on my back and straddle my face. He rubbed his hard Hanes-covered dick all over my face and shoved it in my mouth. Then, he pulled it back out and rubbed his pre-cum jizz and my saliva all over my face. I began to nibble at his balls.

"That's it, boy! Nibble at my balls while I jack this fucker off," Ted shouted at me.

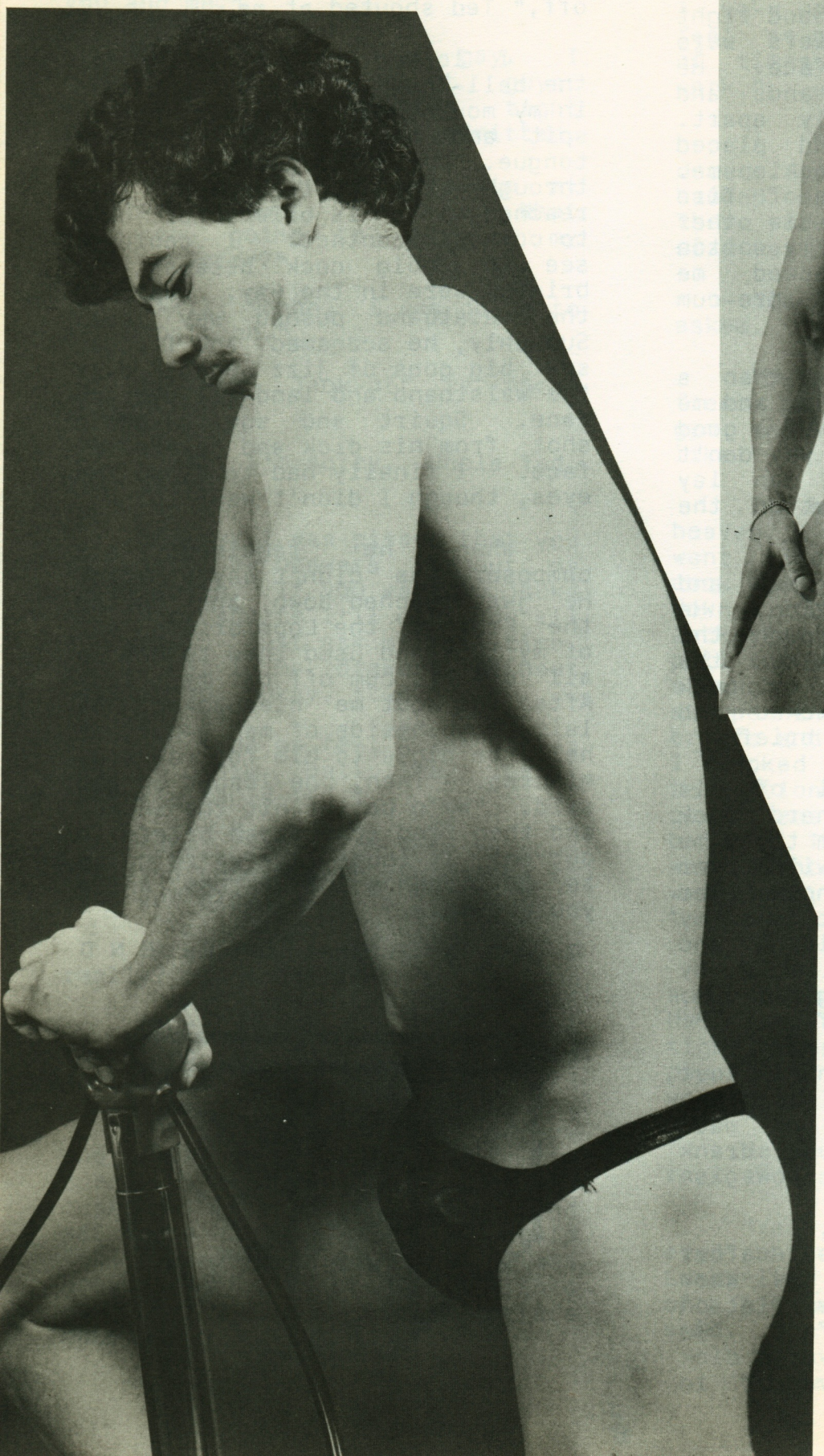
I looked up at him. I had the ball-pouch of his Hanes briefs in my mouth, soaking them with my spit and tickling them with my tongue. Uncle Ted jacked his dick through the cotton and then reached into his briefs for hand to cockskin contact. I couldn't see his big cock because the briefs were in the way. He had the waistband pushed way out. Suddenly, he screamed and I could see big gobs of jizz shoot over the waistband and land all over my face. Squirt and squirt again shot from his dick and covered my face. I finally had to close my eyes, though I didn't want to.

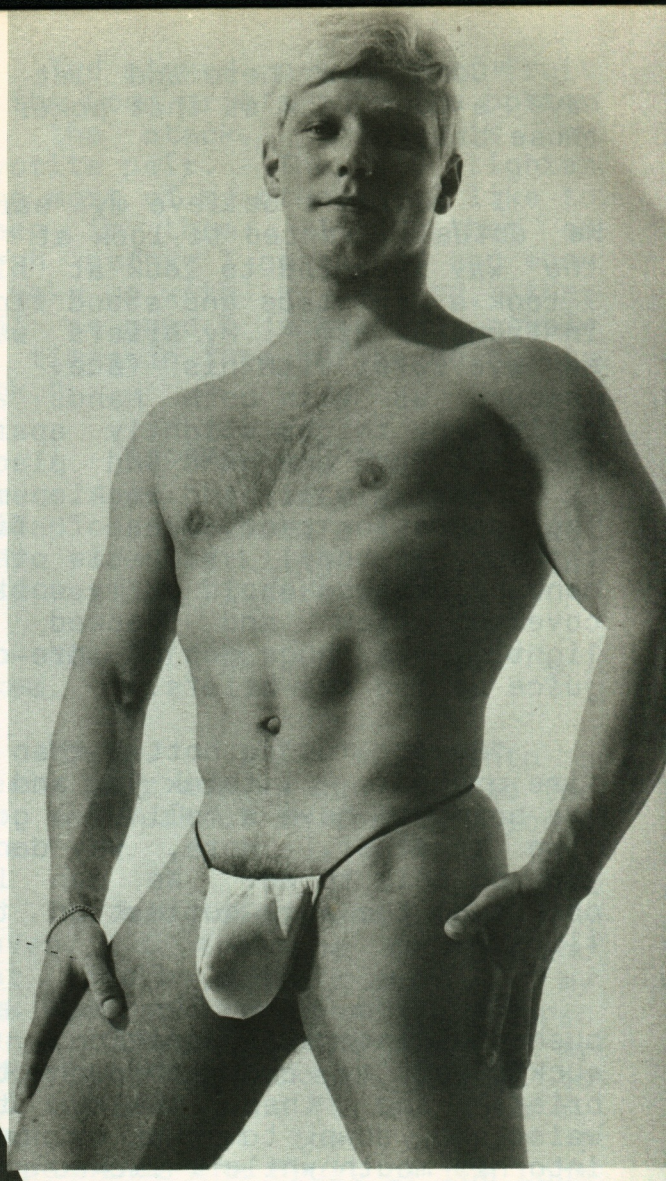
When he regained his composure he didn't say a word. He just reached down and pulled the Fruit of the Loom briefs off of my legs and used them to mop up all of his cum off of my face. After he got me cleaned-up, he laid down beside of me and just held me close to him for several minutes. Then, he leaned up and said, "We'd better hit the shower and then find some fresh briefs to put on. It looks like we're going to go though a lot of them while you are here."

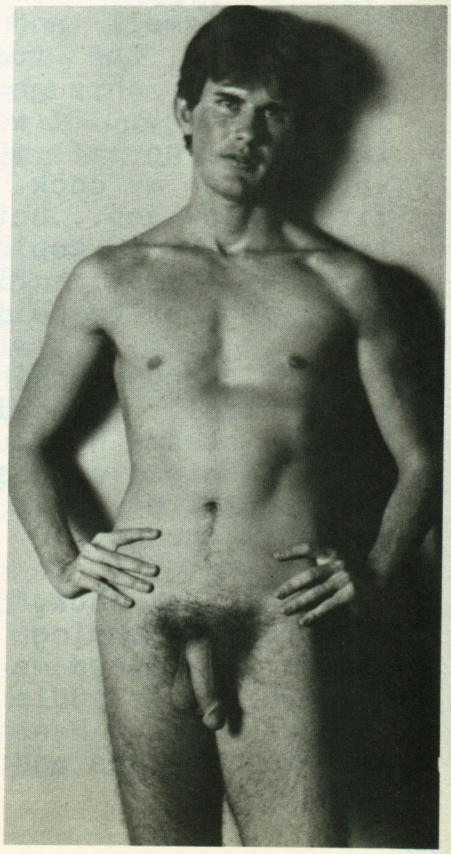
THE END



THE MEN OF GERMANY

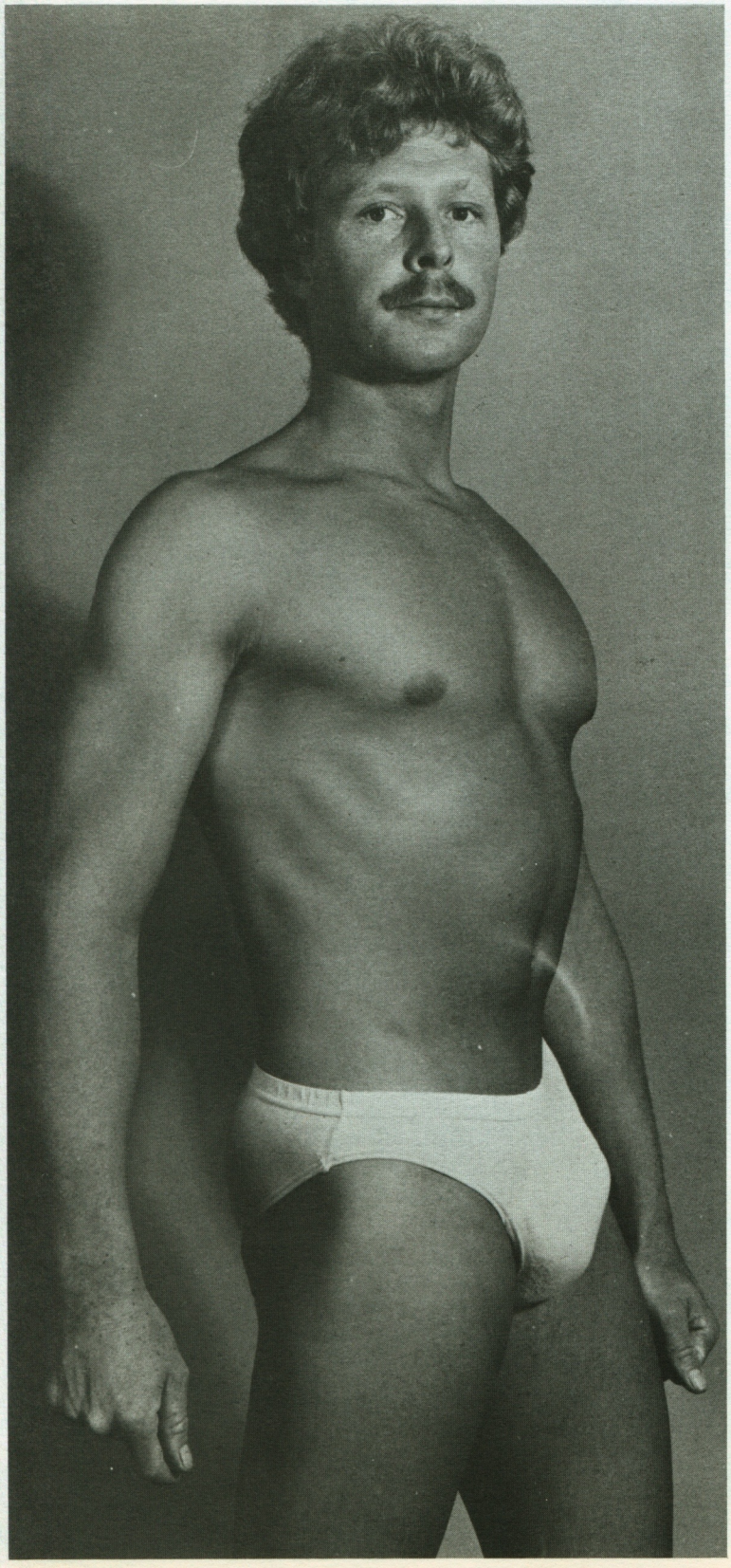


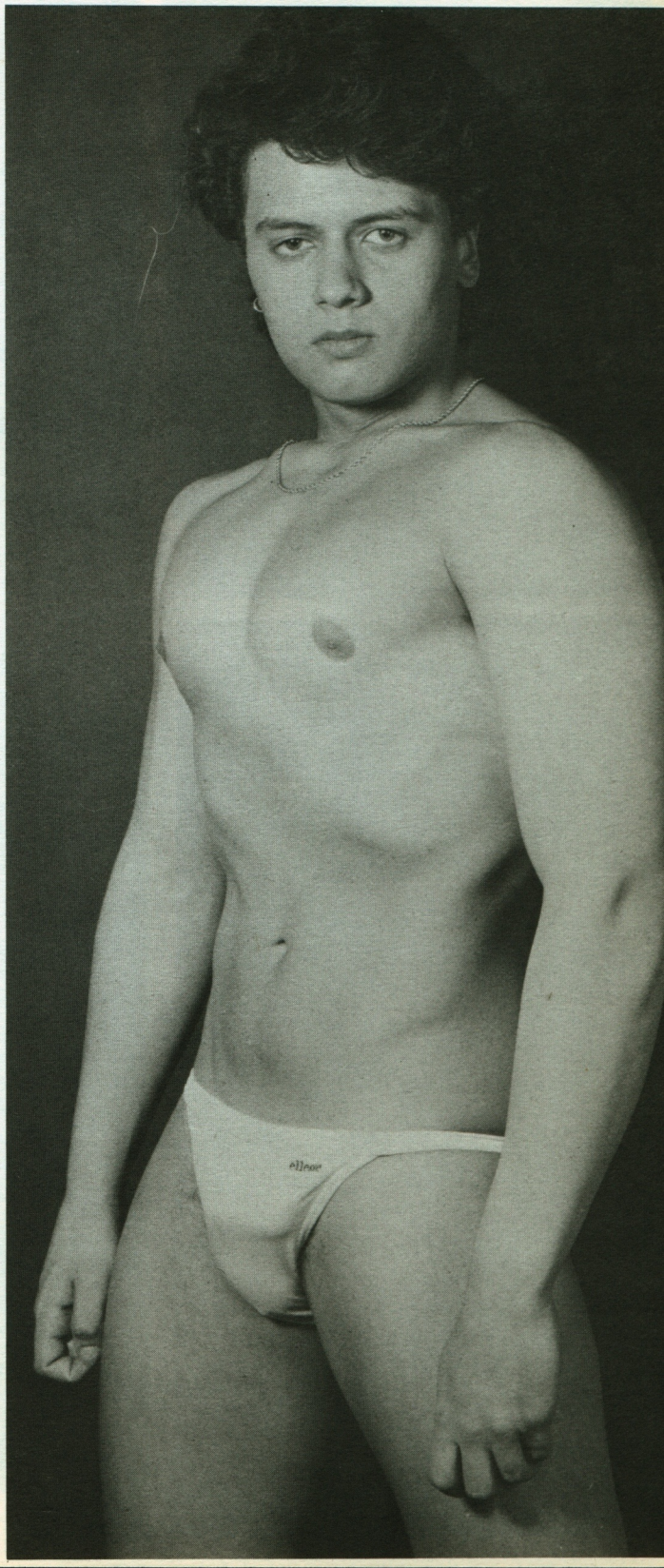


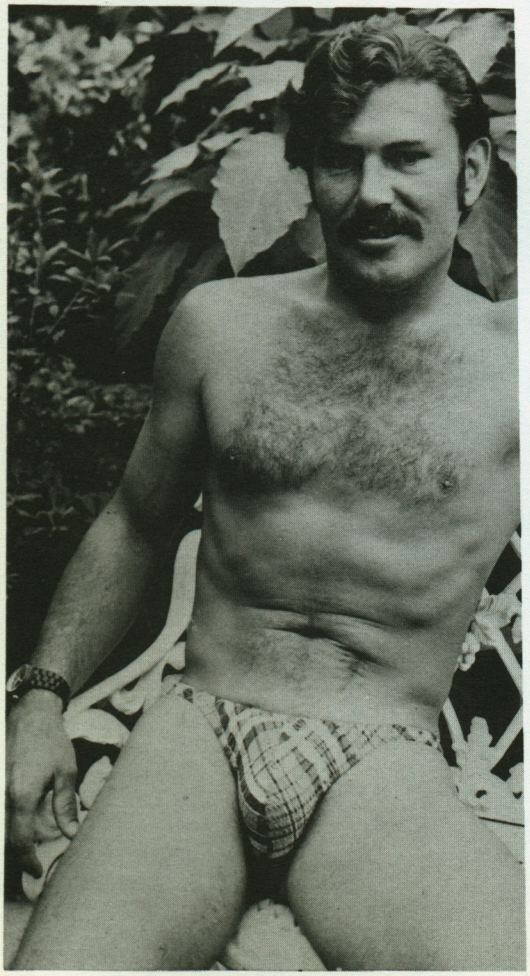


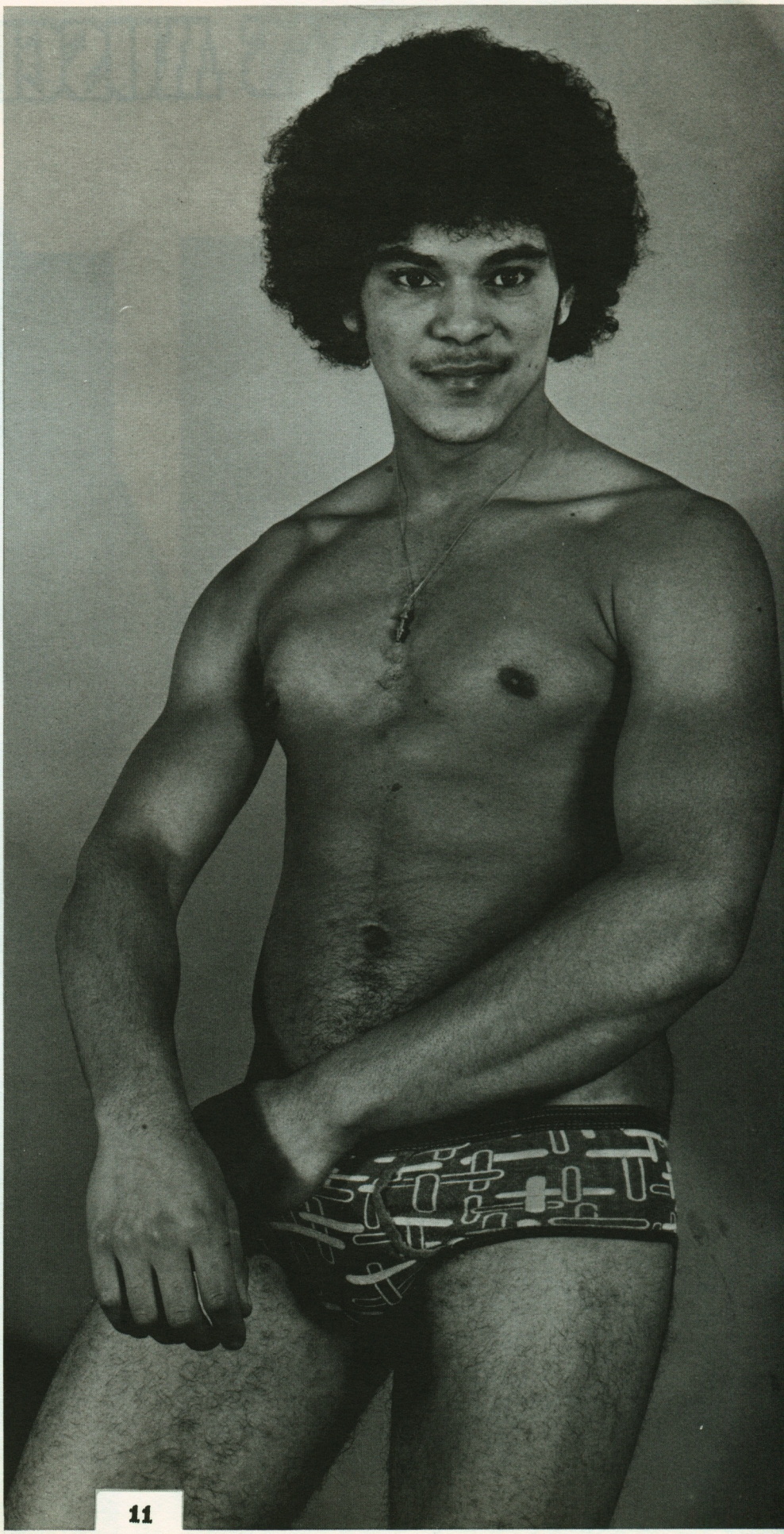
GERMANY'S MUSCLE BOYS

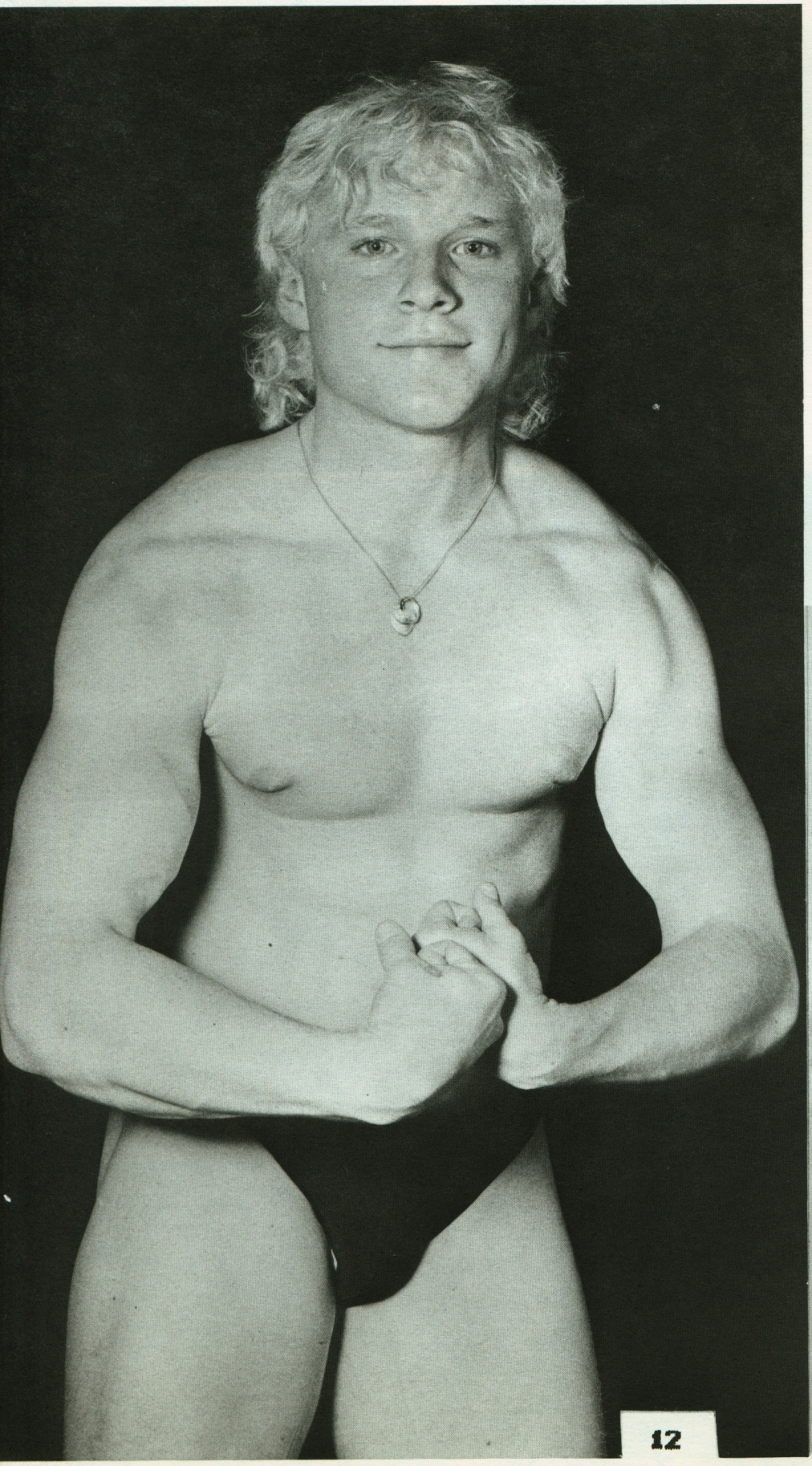
STUDIO "VISA 2000"











COMPANY
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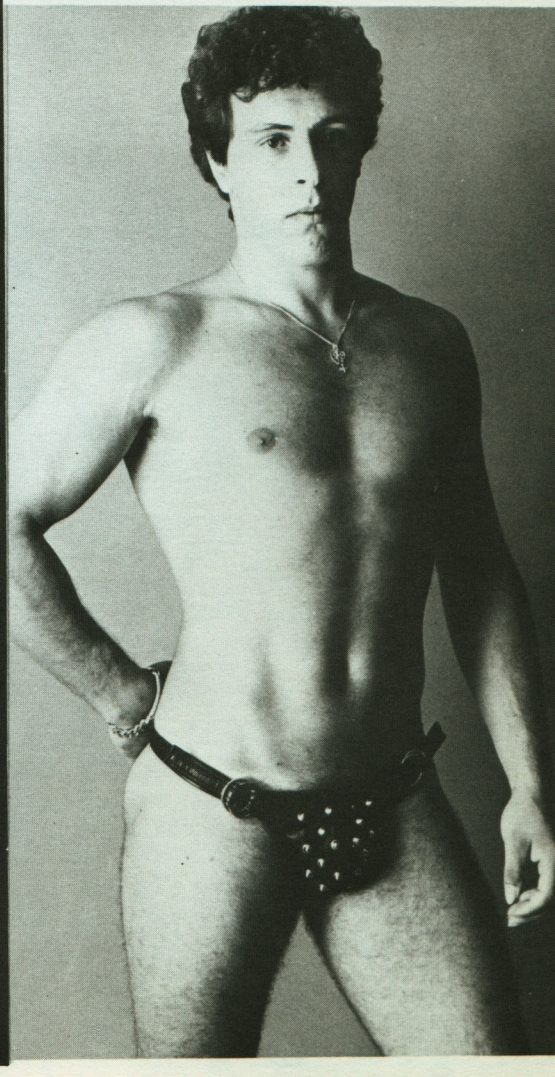
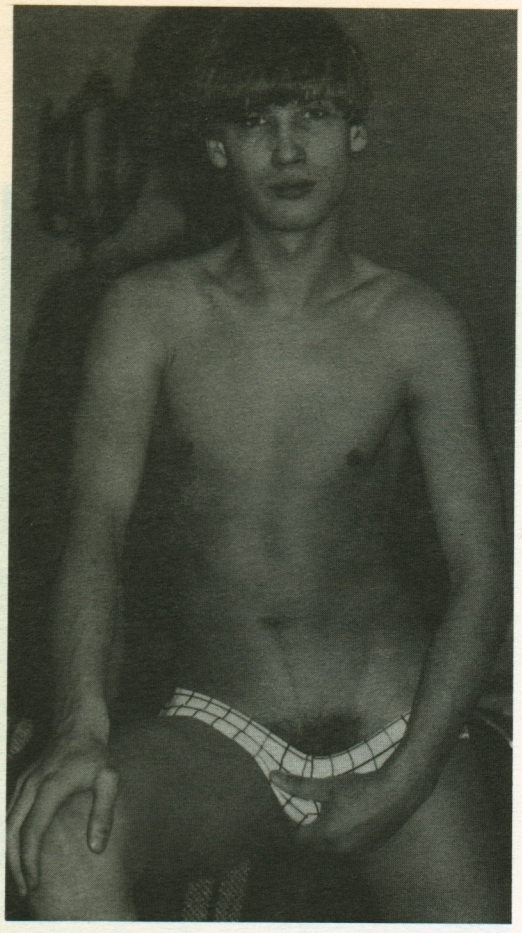
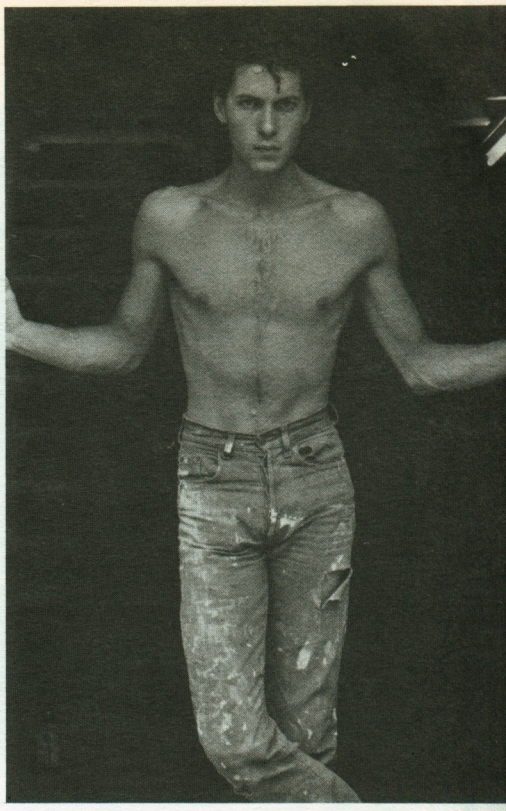
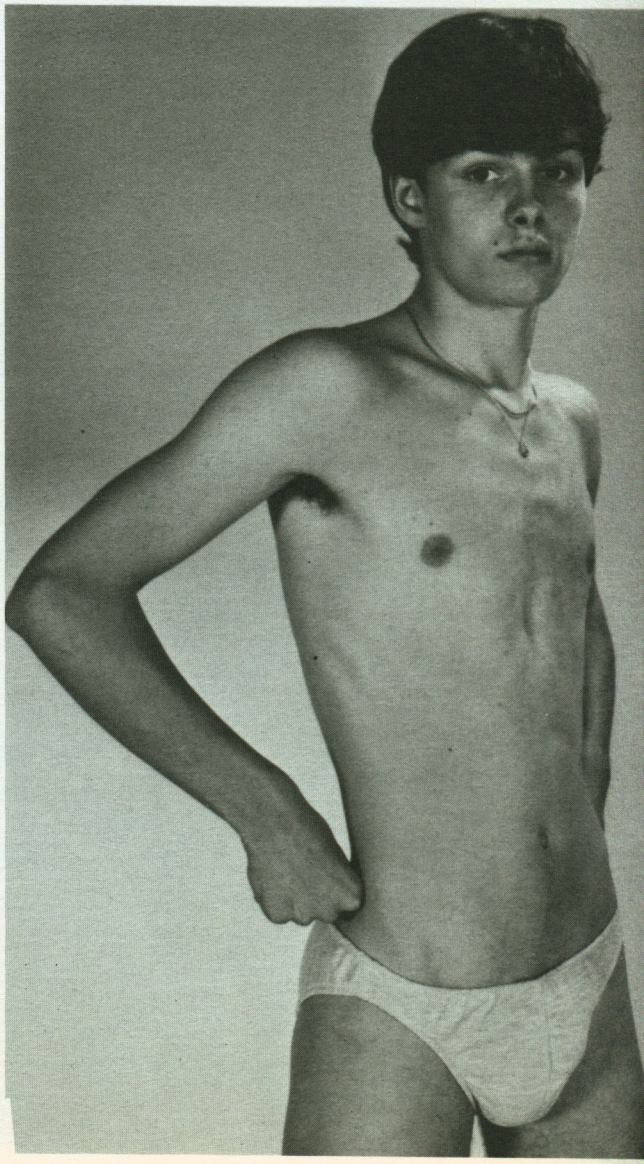
106 AMSTEL

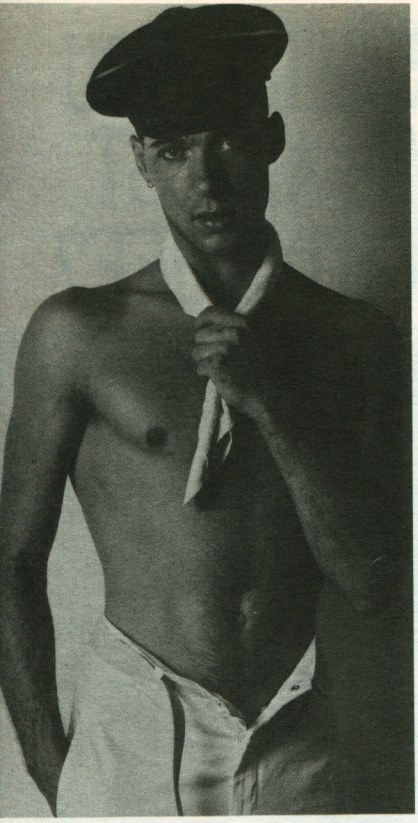


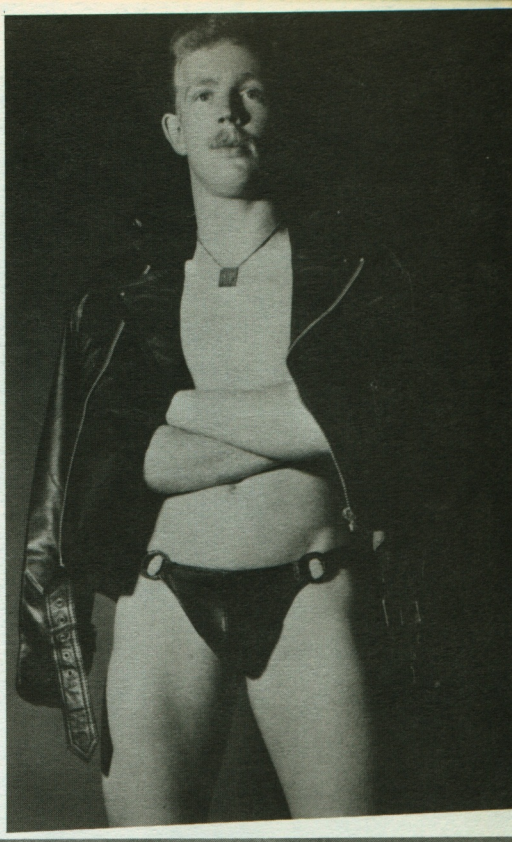
THE BOYS OF AMSTERDAM

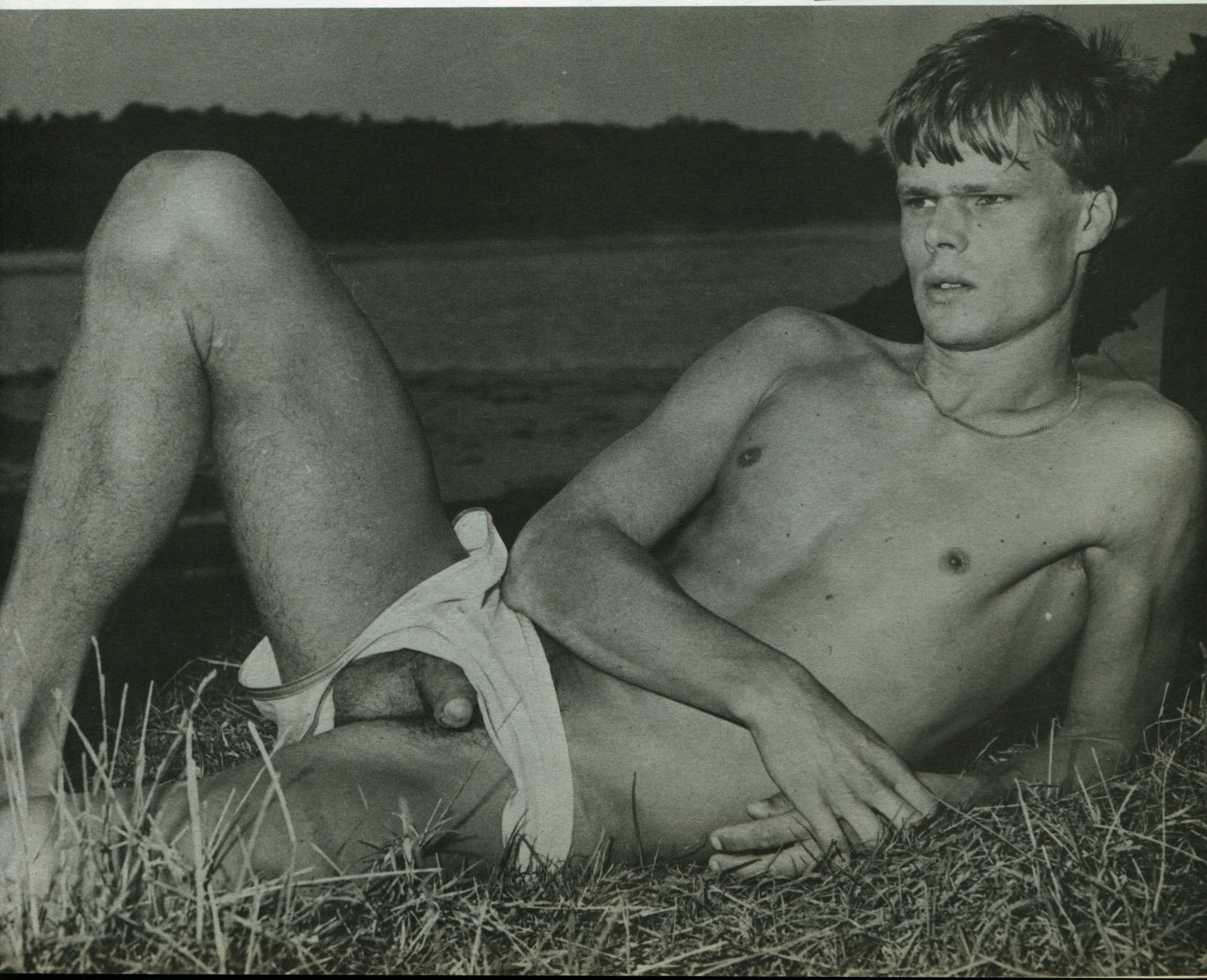


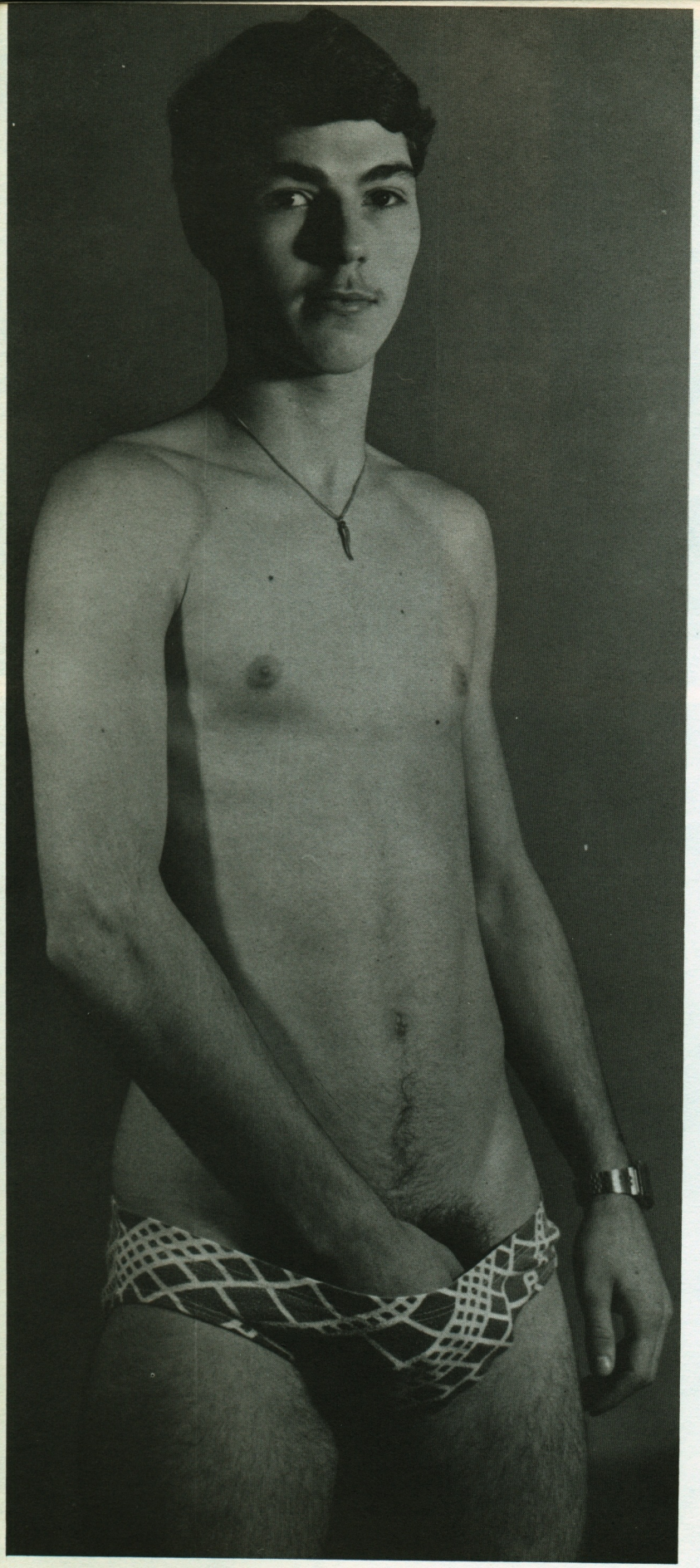








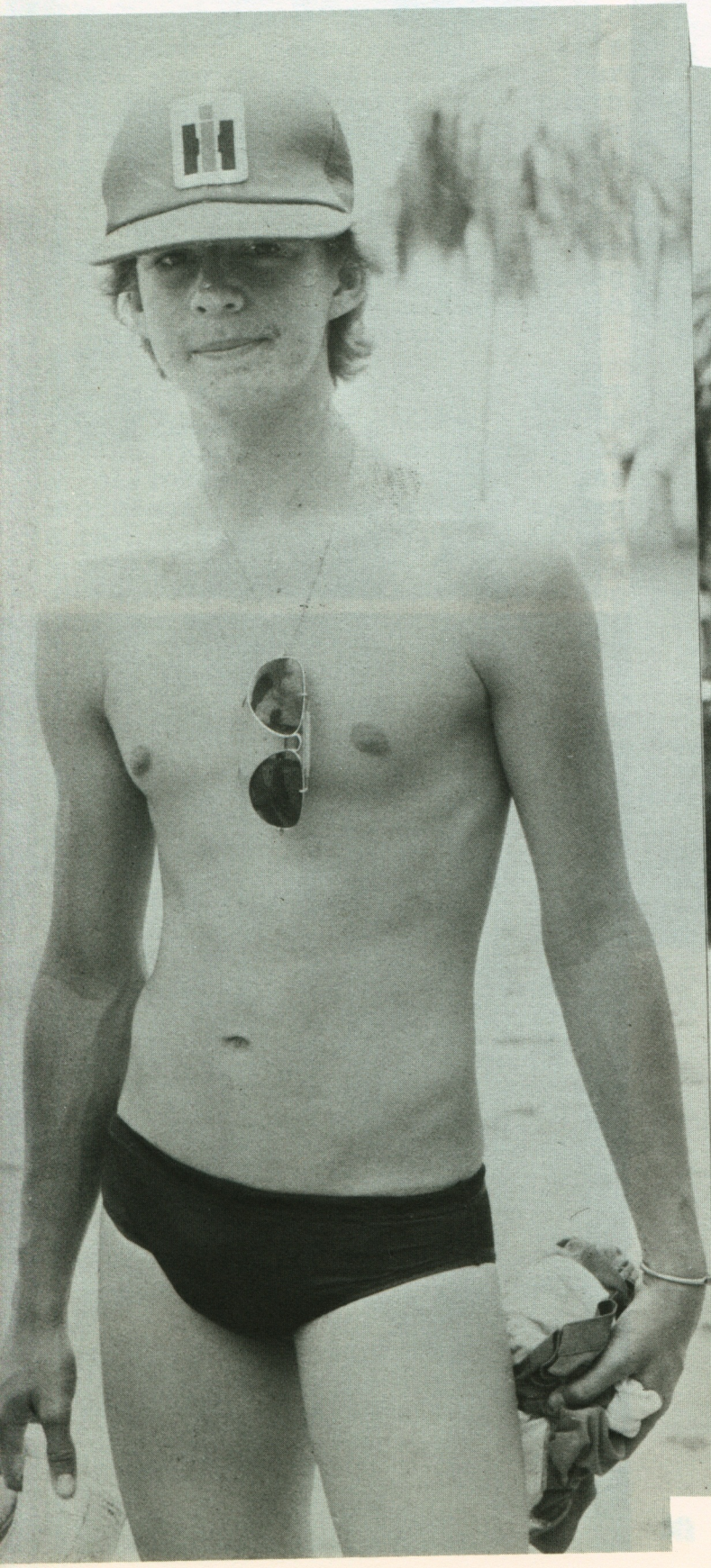


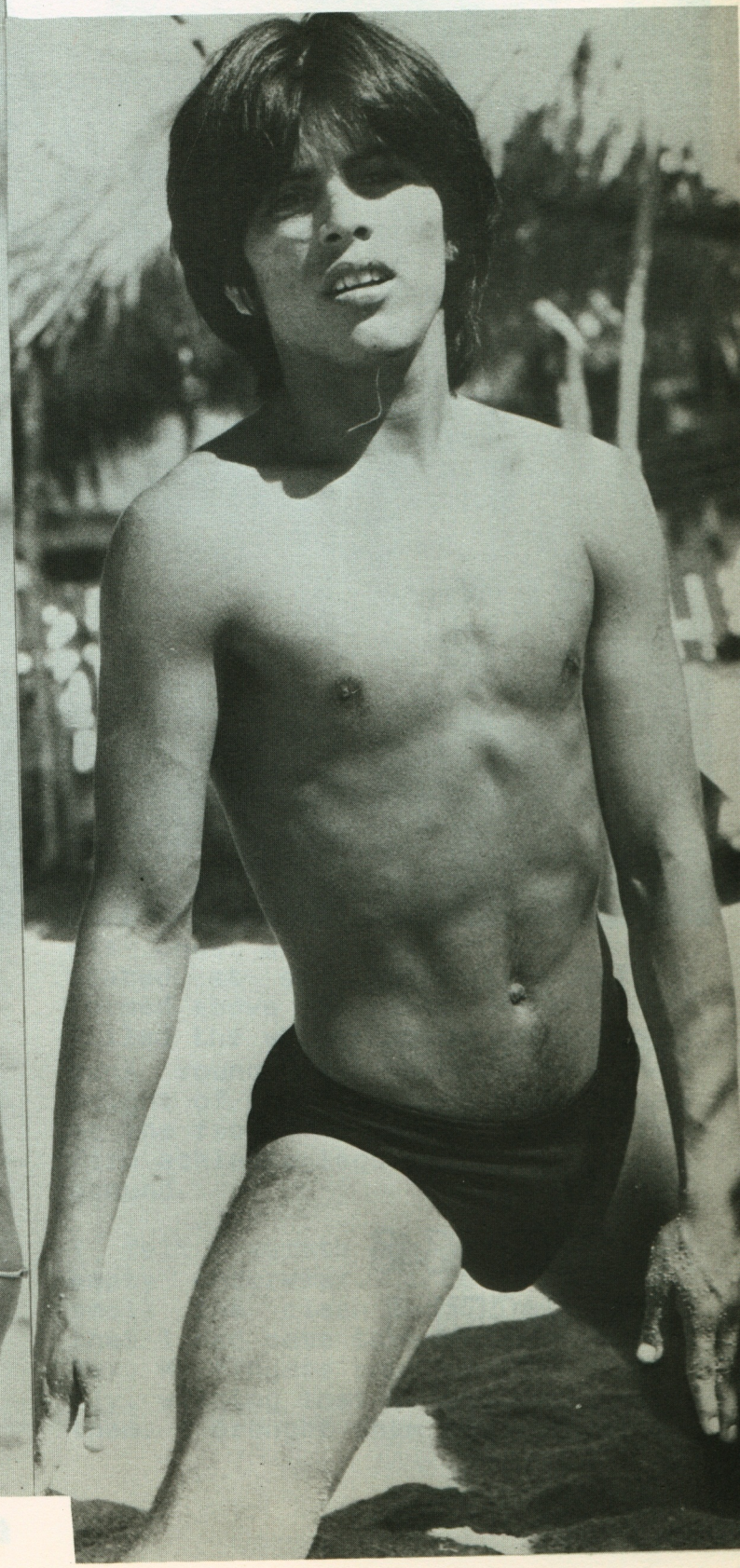


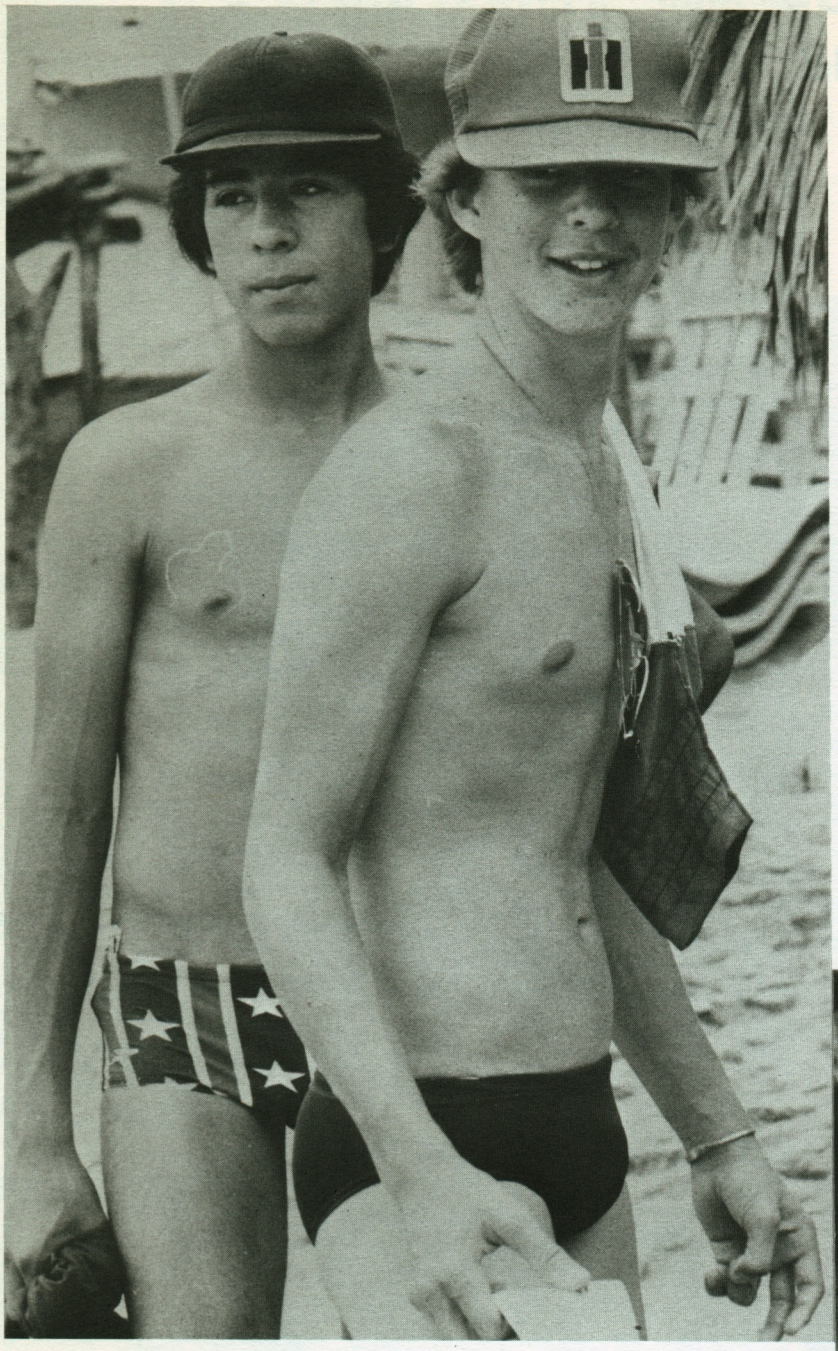
GOT AN ITCH, HAAS?

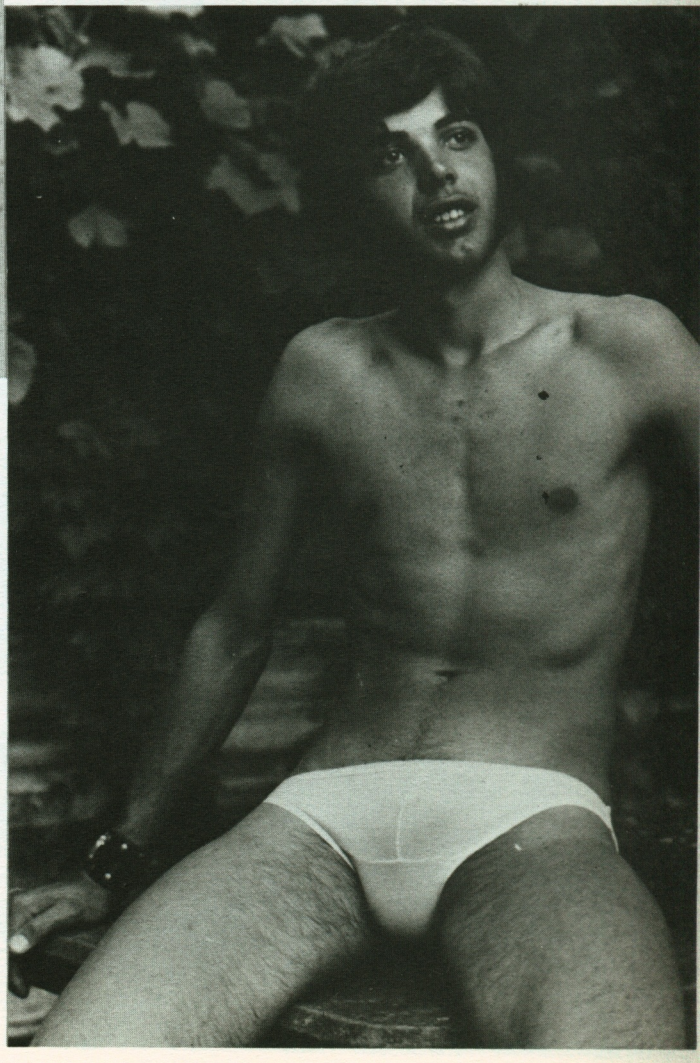
MISTER, WILL YOU HELP ME ADJUST THIS TIGHT BRIEF?

LETS GET IN DUTCH WITH BOYS OF HOLLAND









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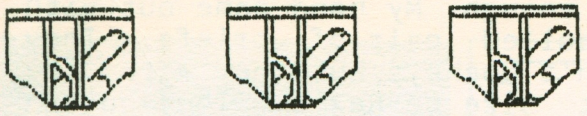


REX'S BRIEFS

I am a thirty eight year old advertising executive with a wife and three great kids. When our youngest got into the fourth grade,my wife decided to return to her old job. we planned on hiring a local college student to help with the house and kids in exchange for room and board. we had interviewed about six young women without success. our seventh candidate was a young man.

He came across very well in the interview. Everyone liked him. He seemed responsible and mature for a seventeen year old. He was wholesome and innocent looking with that just scrubbed appearance. I found myself staring at him. I admired his broad young shoulders and narrow waist. It made me feel a little older and out of shape.

Rex started with us that same day. He moved into the guest room and was functioning member of our family in a week. Rexander, Rex, Al..was everywhere helping everyone.

One mourning I asked Rex to help me move some furniture out of the basement into the attic. We worked for a while and as we got warmer we both removed our shirts. I can still recall standing there as he pulled the shirt over his head. I had found myself staring at his upper body. It surprised me that his chest was so smooth. There was hardly any hair between the brown nipples. Each raised arm had hidden a small shadow of fine hair. As his shirt covered his face and protected me from his view, I admired his flat stomach and the bulge of his cock in his tight jeans.

Rex shook his hair back into place and threw the shirt onto the couch we were carring. He bent and turned. I watched the mucles in his strong back, flex and move. A single drop of sweat, pulled by gravity, moved along his spine. It started at his neck and followed the bumps as it staggered it's way to the waistband of his underwear that showed above his jeans. I could almost sence the cheeks of his rear end, tensing as he again strightened up.

We finished our work that morning and each of us went to clean up. I showered and shaved. I went to the empty master bedroom and stood n aked and damp in front of my bureau. Reaching in I picked up a pair of jockeys. The familiar thin blue lines and the name repeated time after time as it ran around the waistband. I shook them open and started to step into them when I realized they were too small. Looking closer I saw the lable.

28
JOCKEY CLASSIC
WASH HOT
TUMBLE DRY WARM

"They must be Rex's", I thought.It was at this time that I realized that my lifes' drummer wanted to change rhythm.

I held the shorts at eye level. I could picture Rex wearing them. His chest and stomach that I had stared at all morning suddenly formed above the cloth waist. He filled the white cotton. His young buns rounded out the back and the weight of his cock hung as a bulge at the front. I could imagine his firm athletic legs reaching to the ground.

I felt a warmth coming from the empty underwear. I could almost smell the clean masculine smell that I had come to associate with Rex. My fingers smoothed the cloth fly, wishing that he was really in them. I brought them to my face.

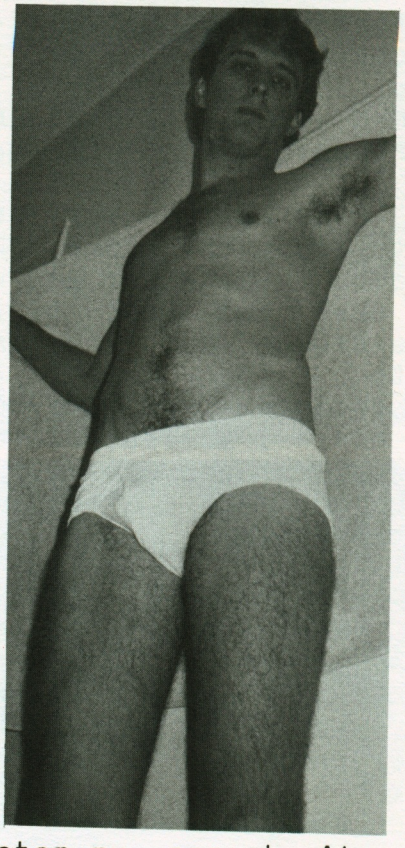
I felt my own cock getting hard as the fantasy formed in my mind. I tried to imagine what Rex would look like naked. I felt a pleasant pressure forming in my nuts. I reached down and wrapped my rigid cock in Rex's shorts. Using both hand I stroked myself. A quiver formed in my legs and started to travel up to my groin. At the same time my shoulders quaked and a wave of tention moved down my body. As the two met I shot my load. Spurt after spurt of cum filled the briefs and soaked through to my hands. The warm moistness calmed me.

I ended up hiding those jockeys in the laundry that day. I was embarrased about the feeling that I had. I even tried to make believe that the whole thing had never happened. I tried to control my new found interest but found it more diffulcult to do as days passed. One evening when I found myself home alone, I snuck down to Rex's room.

The room had taken on it's own personality in the weeks that he had lived with us. A pile of clothing sat in one corner and the desk was covered with school work. There were two pictures on the desk. One was his family and a second was his brother Jim with one of Rex's friends. The bed was unmade and I sat on it. The sheets and covers still had a vague shape

that was Rex's. I smoothed my hand over them and wondered if he did what I had done as a kid, jerk off in the privacy of my bed. I knelt beside the bed and felt under the mattress. I had alwways used that as my hiding place.

Sure enough. My hand came out with a soiled pair of briefs. They weren't Jockeys but they were the right size be Rex's. The cotton was stiff with the dried stains of what must have been several loads of cum. Reaching back under I felt a magazine. I pulled it out and was surprised to see that it wasnt filled with naked women but had two guys on the cover. They were nude and were sucking each other. There was a note written on the cover. It said, "Just a gift to keep you busy while you're away from home...Jim and Bob."



My heart was pounding. The Idea started to form that I might be able to convince Rex that he should let me undress him just as I had dreamed Better yet, why ask. Knowing what I now knew I was sure I could do it. The plan would be simple. I'd confront him when the rest of the family was away.

Two nights later my opportunity presented itself. My wife had taken the kids to see a movie. Rex was in his room studying. I knocked and entered. He sat at his desk deep in thought.

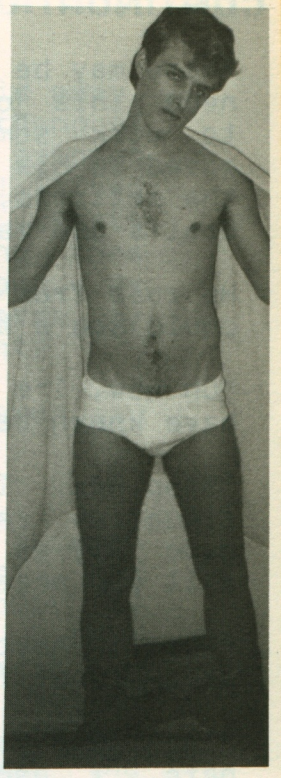
"Rex, there's something I have to discuss." I said.

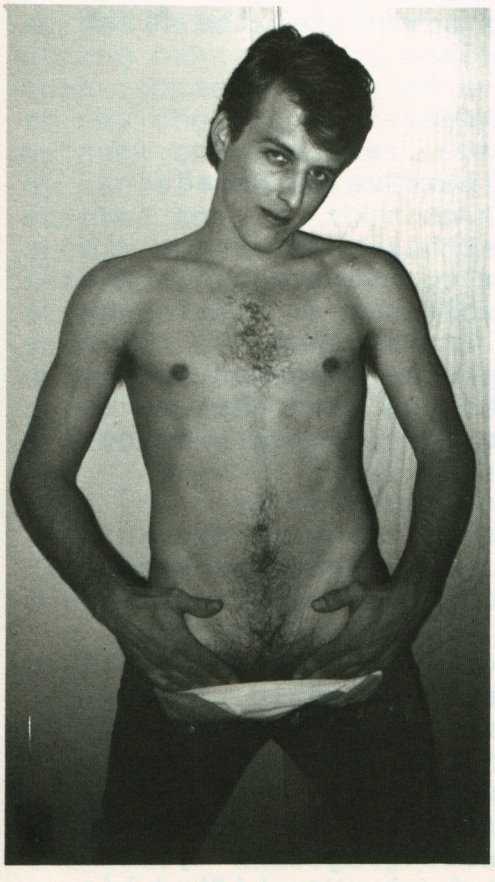
" Sure, no problem." he said as he turned from the desk.

He had on a t-shirt and jeans but the shirt was short and moved up as he turned. I started to get warm as I saw his naval appear.

Continued on page 21

I REACHED DOWN AND WRAPPED MY RIGID COCK IN REX'S SHORTS...I SHOT MY LOAD. SPURT AFTER SPURT FILLED THE BRIEFS





Photos by

JOCKEY CLUB

CONTINUATION OF REX'S BRIEFS

There may be a problem. I know you need this job and we may be able to work something out but..." I moved to his bed and reached under the mattress, coming out with the breifs and magazine..

He rose from the desk chair and I could see a blush on his face.

"Oh wow. I'm sorry I mean I should have known better. I'd...well"

"Stop Rex. I think that the whole situation can be solved just the same way as with my own children. Will you accept that?"

"Sure. Anything you say, but please dont fire me."

"Then drop your trousers and come here. I paddle you and that will be the end of this."

He stood there for several seconds as though he were unsure if he had heard me right. He took s tentative step and stopped. His hand moved to the button at the waist of his jeans and then dropped away.

"Sir, I...."

"Rex, let's do this and get it over with."

He moved toward where I sat on the edge of his bed and again reached for the button on the jeans. Popping it open he started to unzip the fly. I could see the white of his briefs as he continued. The elastic waistband told me that they were Friut of the Loom underwear with it's pair of thin blue stripes they used on all their young boys sizes. They were the same type my own son wore, I could see a thin faint line of hair run from his naval to the bright white cotton.

He let the jeans start to slide down his legs. His cock hung heavy in the tight pouch. These breifs were so tight I could see the entire outline of his cock and balls. I could almost see the head move as he became slightly excited. Rex's balls were held firmly in the soft white cotton pouch between his soli legs. His jeans had stopped mid thigh. He moved closer, his eyes looking down at his feet.

"I'm sorry sir. I really am. And I'm sorry about these too." he said as he ran a finger along the leg opening in his underwear pulling it loose and then letting it snap back into place..

I realized that they not only looked like my son's breifs but in fact they were my own son's breifs.

Rex placed himself across my lap. I could feel his weight pressing his warm flesh against my legs. His cock and balls taking their place just inches from mine. His young tight buns were facing up, the cheeks hidden only by a thin layer of cloth.

I rubbed the palm of my right hand on my own pant leg and then reached up to administer the first spank.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes sir." his voice quivered.

I could feel his body tense in antisapation. I reached and touched his soft buns. Lifting my hand away, I returned it in a sharp slap. He flinched. His cheeks tightened and he moved enough to grind himself harder against my legs.

I braced my left hand along his back. Again my right hand struck his rear end.

I could feel my own cock start swelling.I hoped he would notice. I administered the third spank and now realized that I was growing to a full hard on. At the same time I could feel Rex start to swell. His cock was pressing against my leg and growing harder. He shifted his weight to try to hide his excitement. His one leg slid off my lap and rested on the floor to support him.

Rex's mucles tightened moving his body in a slow single "hump of my leg. I wondered for an instant if he realized but knew for sure when he relaxed and repeated the movement.

I found myself stroking his back and buns as he rubbed against me. Rex looked up and in a kitten like move, slipped off my lap to kneel before me. His jeans were at his knees and his t-shirt fell back towards his waist but nothing could hide the massive cock that stood up in a tent of white cotton. His hard on had pushed the waistband of his shorts away from his belly as it strained to escape. I looked along his flat stomach and could see his pubic hair forming a dark patch above his cock. A drop of precum juice had formed at the head and left a dark wet stain.

Without a word, he reached for the bulge held in by my pants. His strong hand pressed against it and then rubbed. He moved one hand up to my chest and pressed, pushing me back on my elbows. Reaching for my pants, he unfastened them and started to pull them down. My own cock was hard. Rex's hand returned. It moved up my leg and stopped when it reached the leg opening of my briefs. It moved under the cloth and along side my cock, forcing it up and along my stomach. He gripped my swolen cock and jerked it upward forcing it past the elastic waistband and out of the shorts. His hand firmly stroked up and down. His free hand moved to my balls. Pushing past the cloth , he cupped my tightened balls and warmed them.

I looked downward, along my excited body. I watched Rex's hands moving under the cover of the soft white cotton, his shoulders and head between my knees, his dark hair fraiming his young face. Rex's hands slid away, only to return at the waistband of my Jockeys. His fingers gripped the top edge and pulled. I lifted myself as Rex pulled the shorts down to my ankles turning them inside out as they moved down. My hard dick pointed up towards my face, free of any constraints.

"Can I make you cum?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Please."

His chest pressed harder between my legs, forcing them apart. His head bowed as he leaned over my cock and bent to suck it. I felt the warm lips close around it as his tounge explored it's swollen head. I knew I was going to cum any second. I could feel the familiar stirring deep within my groin.

"I'm cuming, Rex."

His pulled away but his hands kept their firm grip. He looked up into my eyes. His hands still moved.

"Do it sir. Cum for me."

I exploded. Warm streams of cum arched across the air. Warm pools of jism formed on my stomach. A small atream of white flowed toward my naval and filled it.

My toes tingled. I could feel a satisfaction radiate in all directions from my middle aged croch. My elbows collapsed from under me allowing me to fall flat on the bed.

Rex released my softening cock and stood up, his own manhood still swollen and trapped. He pushed his tight breifs over the ridged shaft and down his legs, pushing his jeans ahead and off.

Grabbing his cock with one hand and cupping his balls with the

other, he began stroking himself. His eyes closed and within seconds he came. Cum spattered onto me as wad after wad of his teenage cum mixed with mine.

"Thank you sir. I hope you won't fire me. I really do need this job."

He turned and walked toward his bathroom and I knew my life had changed.

JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS

Amsterdam! Everybody has heard stories about it. The free sex, open drug use, and Prostitution. Your Jockey Club staff visited Amsterdam for two weeks. It was apparent the moment we walked off the plane that this was going to be a very different country. In the airport beside of the cigarette vending machine was another vending machine that caught my eye. It dispenses exotic underwear for men and women! Sixty different styles! The same machines can be found at the Central Train Station and other spots.

The boys of Amsterdam are tall, blond, blue eyed and very sexy. There are more great looking men in Amsterdam than any other city. The gay bars differ greatly from American bars also. Most have an upstairs orgy room. The one in the bar called COMPANY was the most active.

Throughout the city are coffeeshops with the logo of a marijuana leaf on their signs. Inside, you are served expresso and Space Cake. The cake cost $2 and is made of hashes. The waiter also presents you with a list of every variation of grass from around the world. The cost is $10 for a 1/8th ounce bag and is served with a pipe. The patrons sit in booths and indulge. It is very surprising to see very young boys and girls in an establishment like this!

The porno shops are different from American ones. Some of them have window displays that resemble those of MACY'S. One had a manikin dressed in sexy undergear with hundreds of red rubber gloves hanging at various lengths across its storefront. Another had a female manikin in a bathtub with a make manikin standing beside of the tub pissing on her face! What an unusual fountain.

The baths, called saunas, are clean, neat and large. Some of the patrons were soooo young! One dutch guy who was twenty years old wearing white briefs proved to be a real find!

Perhaps there is no city in the world as free and open to the gay lifestyle as Amsterdam. It is a haven for all of those throughout Europe who, for one reason or another, can not return to their own country.

Frankfurt, Germany also proved to be a wonderful city for gay life. LUCKY'S MANHATTAN is one of the most popular bars. It is very American and the bartenders and staff are extremely friendly. Upstairs is the best erotic book store in Europe specializing in gay materials.

So, this issue is dedicated to those lucky and sexy men of Amsterdam and Frankfurt. The photos in this issue were taken by some of Europe's most popular male photographers. JOCKEY CLUB would like to thank the editors and publisher of DON magazine for their assistance in preparation of this issue. They will be publishing EUROJOCK, the European version of Jockey Club Magazine. We're growing every month and hope to reach every guy in the world who is turned-on by seeing guys in jockstraps, briefs, bikinis and other sexy gear.

One last word. RUBBER. We found thin black rubber briefs in Amsterdam. We brought back a few pairs and if you are the first to write us and tell us why you want a pair of them, we'll send them to you!

* AMSTERDAM *

KEN'S JOCK SHOP PART THREE

BY DAVID WHITE

Ken's JOCKSHOP became the major source of athletic gear in the small Ohio town. He was pleased with the store's success. The six foot, blond shopowner was stocking shelves early one morning when Ed Henderson, the owner of the men's store, next door, came into his shop. Henderson looked to be about forty-five but was really in his early sixties. He was a robust man with an Irish brogue and a hearty laugh. Henderson and Ken had become friendly since Ken had purchased the store.

"Good Mornin', me boy!" Henderson greeted Ken.

"Mornin', Ernie. You taken the day off? Who's minding your store?"

"Thought, perhaps, you'd like to go for coffee. I'd like to talk with you, lad."

The two men walked across the city's square to Ruthie's Coffee Shop. Ken was surprised to see Henderson lead him to a back booth instead of sitting at the counter as they usually did. They greeted Ruthie and ordered coffee and doughnuts.

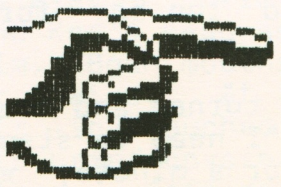
"Ken, me boy, since my wife died, last April, I've been pretty lonely. My brother, in Tulsa, has invited me to share his home. He is a widower, too. But, what do I do with my store? It occurs to me with the volumn of business I see coming and going to your store, you might want to expand. We carry some of the same things but, my store specializes in suits, sports clothes and the like. So, I want to make you a proposal. I'd like for you to buy my store and stock. You could even knock out the wall between our shops and make one large store. Now, tell me, what you think about it."

"Gee, Ernie, I'd sure like to do it but I just spent all of my money on the new roof and with Christmas coming up, I'm going to need everything I got to buy stock." Ken said. "I wish there was a way I could do it but the timing is wrong."

"I understand that and didn't expect you to be payin' me right off the bat. I though, maybe you'd buy my store and just send me a few hundred dollars each month. You're a hard workin' young man and I trust you." Ernie said.

By February Ken and Ernie had worked out all of the details. Ernie had even helped Ken tear out a wall and make one large store out of the two stores. A new sign was placed above the shops that strteched the length of the two buildings. Ernie left for Tulsa and Ken felt the loss of a good friend.

Ken soon realized that the store was now too big for him to operate by himself. He placed his first HELP WANTED sign in the window.



By ten o'clock in the morning he had taken five applications. A muscular, black haired stud came in and asked for an application. Ken looked at the boy. He was about 19, slim waist and broad shoulders. His face was handsome with a small, neatly trimmed moustache. After he filled out the form Ken interviewed the boy. He was a full time student at the local college and really needed the money.

"I'll do anything for this job, mister. I'm smart and a real hard worker."

Ken had the boy, David Anderson, come to the shop on Sunday morning to help him restock. The boy was there promptly at eight, anxious for his first day's work. He was wearing a T-shirt, white cotton slacks and sneakers. His first assignment was to dust off the top rows of shelving and dress manakins in light summer jackets.

The young store owner came from the back of the store and walked to the ladder David was standing on. He looked up to watch the boy dressing a manakin but something else caught his eye. As the boy was reaching high to adjust the jacket on the mankin, his T-shirt rode up so high on his back that the elastic band of his briefs showed. Ken felt a stirring in his groin as he watched the boy. David raised his right foot to the next higher rung of the ladder. This stretched his slacks tightly against his butt. Ken could cleary see the outline of the boy's underpants under the material. The elastic leg bands, the rear crotch stitching between the leg bands and the waistband riding over the waist turned Ken on.

Ken felt his own cock getting harder and harder in his briefs. He watched the boy for several minutes.

David turned and looked down at Ken, "I need to stand on the top rung for a minute, would you mind holding onto me so I don't fall?"

Ken took two steps up the ladder and grabbed the lower shelf with his right hand and wrapped his left hand around David's thighs. His face was only an inch from the boy's ass. He looked at the waistband of the briefs and saw the boy was wearing Fruit-of-the-Loom brand. Ken was getting hotter and hornier. Suddenly, David turned around, "All finished. Thanks."

David looked down into Ken's eyes and Ken looked into David's eyes. A moment of silence came over both men before Ken released his arm from around the boy's thighs. Ken stepped back onto the floor and David climbed back down the ladder.

"My pants are too tight for this kind of climbing. I'll have to wear looser ones from now on," David said.

"They look good on you, David. They are pretty tight, though. I can see your briefs right through them," Ken said.

"I like 'em like that, Ken. I think it's sexy to see underpants beneath slacks," David said freely.

"So do I, David. Briefs make them fit better in the front, too. Makes it look like you're really hung." Ken smiled at David. "Do you only wear briefs? Ever try the bikini styles?"

"I got some of those but I like the full-cut, fly-front briefs the best. They feel really good. I wear them all the time. Even to bed," David said.

Ken looked david up and down. "I bet you even jack-off in 'em."

David blushed a bit then said, "Yes, I do, Ken. How did you know that?"

"Because I do the same thing, David. I'm a brief freak, too."

"Brief freak? I never heard that expression before, but it does describe me. I get a hard-on even looking at manakins wearing them," David frankly admitted.

"I bet you look sensational in just your shorts. You got a great body, David."

The converstion ended when Ken gave David another work assignment. About three in the afternoon Ken told David to fit four manikins with some briefs and T-shirts. When Ken came from the back of the stockroom to inspect David's display work he was greeted to a surprise. David was putting a pair of Jockey classic briefs on a manikin. He was groping his crotch with one hand and feeling the pouch of the manikin's briefs with the other.

"You certainly are a brief freak, David. Maybe you'd let me check out your briefs the way you are doing to that manikin," Ken boldly said.

David looked over at blond, blue eyed Ken, "Sure... I'd really like that. I've had a hard on ever since you talked about my briefs this morning.

Ken walked across the floor of the closed store and stood in front of David. The two were surrounded by brief-clad manikins. The statuary was wearing every type of male brief including the four David had just dressed in full cut briefs by Jockey, Hanes, BVD and Fruit-of-the-Loom.

David looked into Ken's eyes then each man reached for the crotch of the other. David's cock was hard and full as Ken caressed the bulging tool through the white slacks and tight briefs. He grabbed Ken's cock which was also fully erect through his Levis.

Both men withdrew from each other and without saying a word, kicked off their shoes and shirts. David dropped to his knees and reached up to feel Ken's swimmer's torso and on down to the top button of the Levis. He popped it open and the waistband of Ken's sparking white briefs came into view. Another button and then another was opened until David parted the blue flaps to see the full front of Ken's underpants.

Ken was wearing Calvin Klein's. David guessed them to be one size smaller than Ken would normally wear. David raised his hands to feel the outline of the hard cock pressing so hard against the white cotton. The underpants were so tight that David could see Ken's cockhead, the ridge around it, the length of the prick-shaft and each of his balls. David's hands cupped, felt-up and massaged every inch of the front of the briefs. He slipped one hand between Ken's legs and felt the briefs where they were the tightest; just under the balls.

Ken was moaning and his legs trembled from the expert treatment he was getting from the eighteen year old Adonis. He dropped to his knees and David stood up while Ken opened thge boy's slacks and let them drop down his legs. David's cock-bulge was more than Ken had hoped for. A huge thick shaft forced the Fruit-of-the-Loom briefs several inches from the boy's waist. The briefs were too small for the boy and Ken thought if the boy had one more inch of cock the head would not fit under the elastic waistband. Ken felt the prick pulsating inside of the briefs. As he squeezed the dick through the cotton a wet spot appeared at the bulging cock-head.

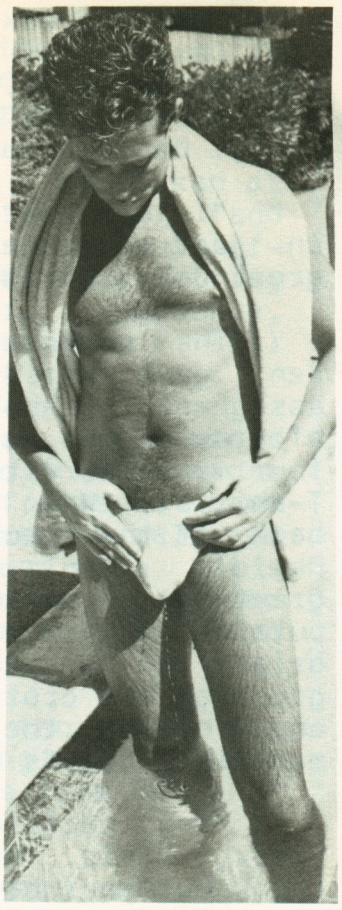
"Boy, you're hotter than a fire cracker. You're already wet!" Ken said softly.

"You're making me this way." David said. He reached down and pulled Ken to the standing position. They looked deep into each other's eyes. David reached around behind Ken's head and drew it toward him. Both mouths opened slightly for a kiss. At the same moment their lips touched, their bulging white-brief-covered cocks meshed together. Soft moans came

Continued on page 29

PETER KING

DESIGNS AND MAKES SWIM TRUNKS, BIKINIS & BRIEFS. HE JOINS THE JOCKEY CLUB STAFF THIS MONTH SO WE CAN OFFER YOU CUSTOM MADE GEAR. LOOK FOR HIS AD IN JULY'S ISSUE. YOU CAN WRITE HIM AT JOCKEY CLUB FOR DETAILS.



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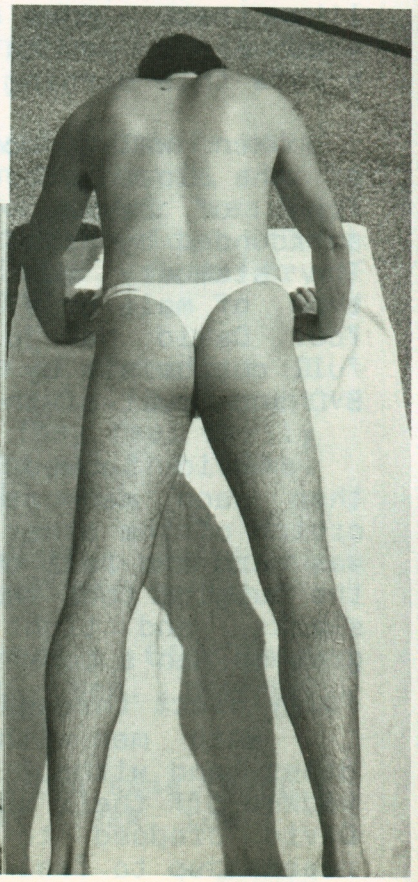

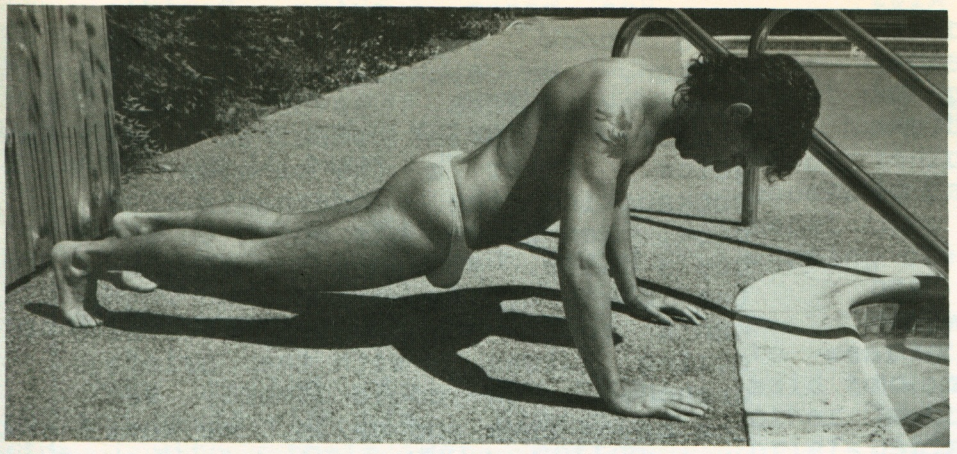

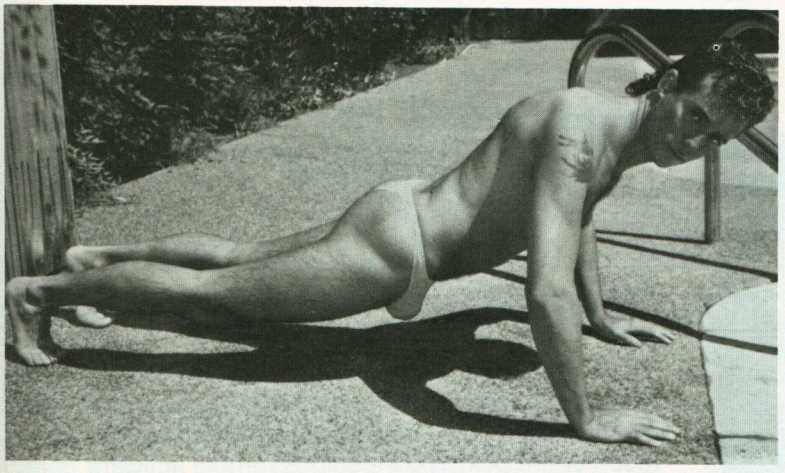

from each man. As their kiss became more and more passionate they ground their cocks together with more force. The feeling of each other's hard brief-clad dicks grinding against each other brought the men to new heights of sexual arousement.

David broke the kiss and gasped aloud. He knealed down on the floor pulling Ken with him. He stretched out on the floor on his back and Ken crawled on top of him. Again they kissed and forced their cocks together. Ken broke the kiss this time but only to turn around so they were in a sixty-nine position. As Ken lowered his crotch into David's face, David saw that Ken's briefs were also wet with pre-cum juice. He was happy that he had turned on the young shop owner. He knew he was going to love his new job and especially the store owner.

Ken began sucking David's hard cock right through the cotton. He sucked out David's pre-cuck juices, savoring the flavor of brief strained boy juice. After a few minutes of cocksucking the underpants-clad dick, Ken worked his mouth to the boy's balls. Within a few minutes the boy's briefs were soaked with Ken's spit and the boy's natural oozing juices. With the briefs drenched, Ken could clearly see the boy's cock and balls. He knew what he wanted. He wanted to suck David off. He wanted to suck him off right through the cotton prison the young prick was fighting so hard to free itself of.

David sucked and licked at Ken's bulge. The protruding cock was torture-testing the strength of the Calvin Klein briefs. David couldn't hold off any longer.

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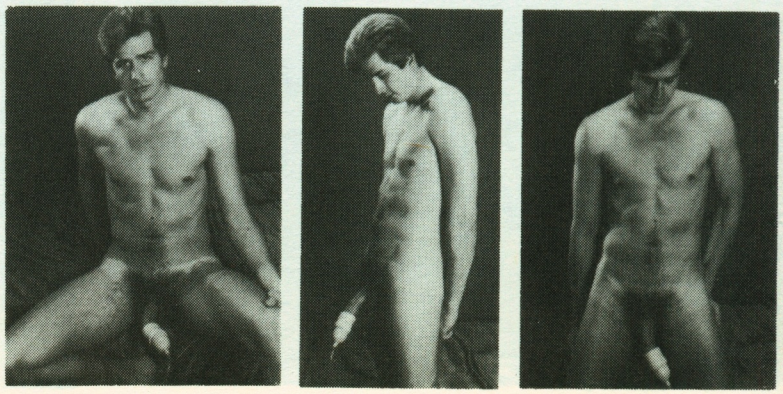

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USE ORDER FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

He'd always wanted to find a brief-buddy and he finally had found one. He was ready to explode. "I'm going to cum, Ken. I can't hold it back..."

"Squirt your jizz, boy. I want it right through your tight wet briefs... shot it, boy!" Ken shouted, "I'm cumming with you!"

Ken rolled to his side pulling David with him. Side-by-side, with their wet cotton covered young cocks in each other's mouths; they shot their loads of pent-up jizz. Bolts of lightening flashed through their bodies as each shot of fresh hot cum blasted up through their cocks and shot into the skin tight briefs. Strained jizz flowed into each other's mouths as several brief-clad manikins watched in silent envy. This was the greatest cum David had ever experienced. And to ad to the sex itself, he got to do it in the underwear department of his employer's store. As each rush of jism shot from David's young cock, visions of underpants flashed through his mind. When his eyes opened slightly, he could see all of the styles and types of underpants on the market, surrounding him. If only all of the manikins were real men and all of them were standing over me, he thought to himself.

Ken sucked all of David's teen cock juice out of the boy's briefs and then rolled onto his back. David was still moaning. After a moment of rest, david leaned upon his elbows and looked at Ken. "Great, man...Just fucking great!"

Ken smiled at the boy. He reached up and grabbed the elastic waistband of David's briefs and rolled them down his legs. "I want these. Take a new pair from the rack."

"No, I'd rather have yours. I want to wear them back to the dorm. In fact, I might never take them off."

"You'd better wear a fresh pair tomorrow. It'll be your first day as a sales clerk and you may have to help a lot of young studs pick out some new underpants. And if you have to model them for 'em, you want to be wearing clean ones."

"Okay, but I'm keeping yours to wear to bed tonight," David said to Ken. They winked at each other while David skinned Ken's briefs down his legs and pulled them on his own body."

The End

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SEND US YOURS!

FANTASIES & TRUE STORIES

A VERY DIFFERENT STUDIO WITH A VERY DIFFERENT PRODUCT

MANCO is a studio devoted to the erotic possibilities of jockstraps, underwear, and gym gear. We bring you swimmers stripping, football players getting off, and guys at home acting out their private fantasies. If you ever watched the guy next door strip to his shorts getting ready for bed and were teased beyond ordinary lust—we will show you what happens after the shades are down and the shorts come off. Hundreds of photo sets are available on many different guys and now two hot videos! Each video is approximately 90 min. with 4 hot guys using, abusing and playing with gym gear or underwear.

Video #5.....$55.00

SOLOS—Watch four hot guys as they strip and then play with underwear, jockstraps, and themselves 'til they shoot hot loads of cum. Mark, a hot Marine; Jeffery, a tall 6'5"; Cliff, a hot 18 year old blond; and Adam, a smiling solid hunk. 2 hours long.

Video #6.....$55.00

DUOS—Mark is a hot Marine and Wes is his cute roommate. Watch them as they tease each other, pose and strip for each other, and then "get it on." Rob and Ray are lovers and that is what is striking about this segment. Their love comes across strong as they strip and then bring each other off. 2 hours long.

Video Info Only.....$1.00
Postage for Each Video.....$3.50
State VHS or BETA Format
Photo Set Info Only.....$4.00

Calif. Residents add 6½% Sales Tax
All Models Over 18 Years Old
Offer Void in Tennessee

MANCO
6520 Selma Ave., #591J
Hollywood, CA 90028
State over 21

READER FANTASY

GENE

"Eat my shorts!," my brother screamed at me. We were wrestling in our room and I'd managed to rip off his briefs. He got the upper-hand and was forcing his shorts into my mouth. They were sweaty and had a salty taste to them. He pinned me by sitting on my chest. His cock was dangling close to my mouth. I bucked and threw him off of me. I rolled him over and straddled his chest. The crotch of my briefs were in his face.

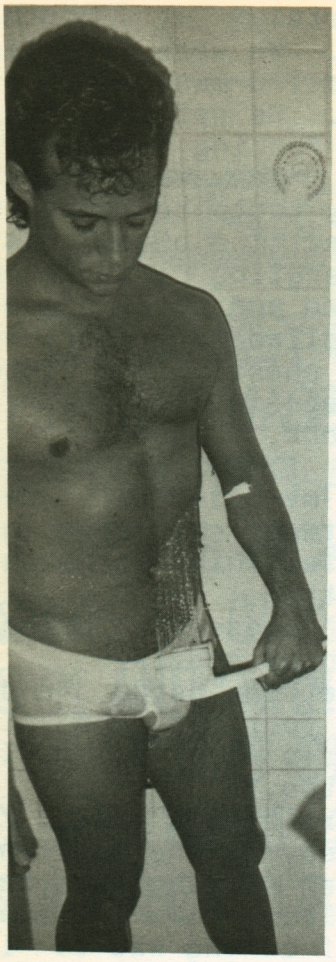
"Sniff cock, asshole!" I yelled at him. I squirmed and ran the pouch of my briefs all over his handsome face. My cock got hard when I felt his hot breath through the cotton.

Gene broke loose and grabbed my cock through my shorts.

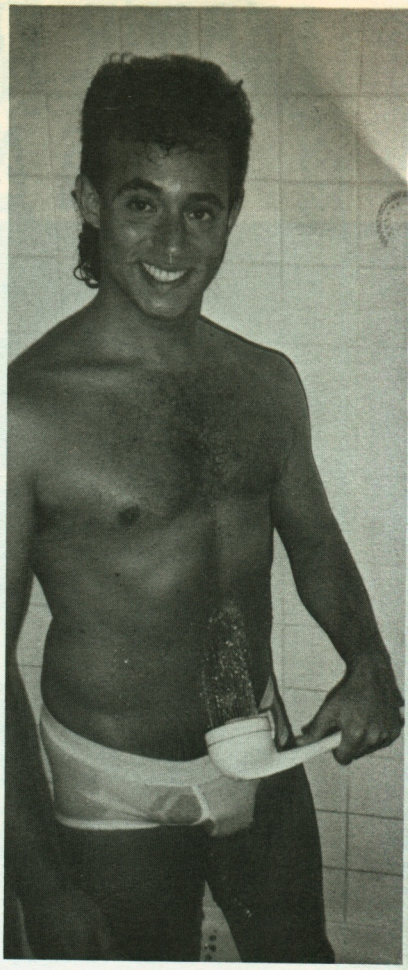
"You're getting hard, Teddy. Let's get on your bed and play with each other's cock. See, I'm getting hard, too."

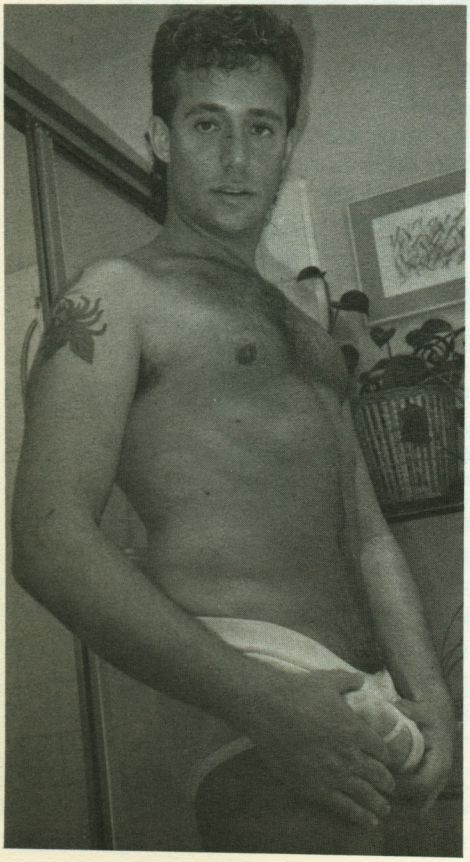
I looked at Gene's dick. It was hard and red. Gene and I had been jacking and playing with each other for a long time. Gene's favorite way of cuming was to lay me on my back across the bed. Just wearing my briefs and with Gene naked, he liked to slip his dick into the fly of my shorts and hump me till he shot off with me in my underpants.

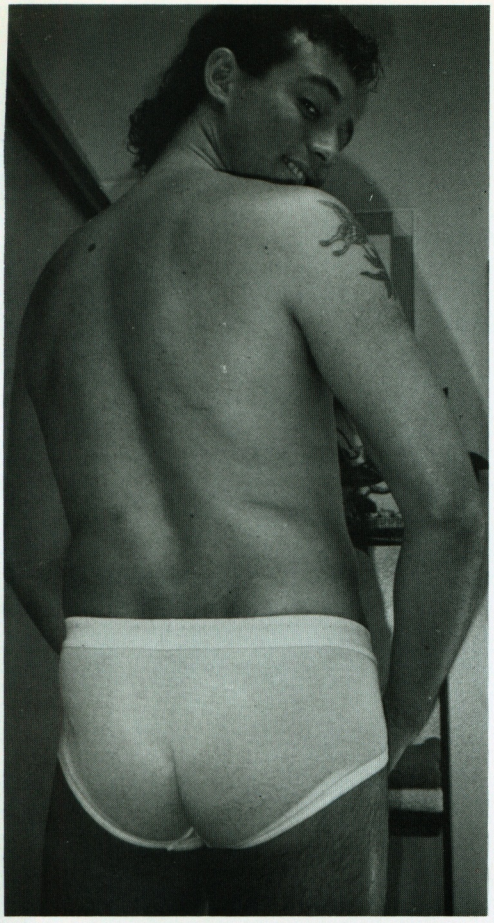
He pushed me back and soon had his hands under my cotton-covered ass. His dick slipped through the slot in my shorts and he began to hunch. While he fucked against my cock I could feel the heat and pressue of his dick. Within a few minutes we were both oozing pre-cum goober soaking my briefs. He sank his tonque into my mouth. This was a sign that he was about to blow his load. I humped at him as hard and as fast as I could. We both blasted jizz into my briefs in a frenzy of passion. When the last of our juices drenched my underpants, Gene rolled off of me and walked to the bathroom. When he came back he was put on a pair of clean white briefs. I got up and went into the bathroom and peeled the jizzy briefs down my legs. I couldn't resist sniffing and licking at them before I hung them over the nozzle of my shower



PETER INVITED JOCKEY CLUB'S CAMERA INTO HIS SHOWER SO WE COULD SEE HOW MUCH HE LOVES HIS BRIEFS WHEN WET. THE SPRAY OF WATER ON HIS WHITE COTTON-COVERED COCK MADE IT STRETCH HIS BRIEFS TO THE LIMIT. HIS BRIEF BUSTING PHOTO SET IS OUR BEST YET!







GO WILD!

BODYWARE

for men

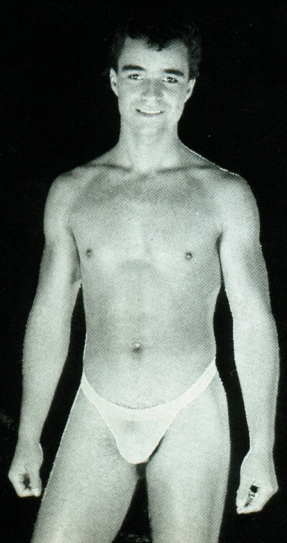
GET SEXY!

BARE IT. Black posing strap brief of sleek wet-look Cire. 1 size. #2312, $5.95

SNUGGLER. European designed sheer brief. Black or Nude. S-M-L. #2300, $7.95

DISCREET. Sleek wet-look Cire brief in assorted colors. #2319, Sm. #2320, Med. #2321, Lg. $7.95

ENHANCER. Sleek Cire front, fishnet back, brief. Black or White. S-M-L. #2306, $7.95



THE TRAP. Jock Sock brief with open back. Black or White. S-M-L. #2309, $5.95

PLAYER. Sleek, wet-look Cire bikini. Black or White. S-M-L. #2303, $8.95

USE THE JOCKEY CLUB ORDER FORM ENCLOSED WITH THIS ISSUE !!!